BOOK REVIEWS

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HENRY JAMES AND THE EXPATRIATE HEROINE, A STUDY OF THE MOTIVES AND BASIC THEMES OF JAMES'S FICTION, by Osborn Andreas

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CRASHING PATTERNS OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION, by Howard Wechsler, F. W. Hamerow, Detlev W. Bronk, Bernd Blumhard and George P. Thomas

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, by James Grossman

SHORT NOTICES

THE FIRST TEN YEARS OF PRINTING AND PUBLISHING IN MANCHESTER, New Hampshire, 1839-1849, by Bernard A. Chamberlin

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OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED

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CONTENTS

QUEEN MIDAS: HETTY ROBINSON GREEN — *Peter Wyckoff* — 147

HISTORICAL BIFOCALS ON THE YEAR 1800 — *William R. Taylor* — 172

"IL PESCEBALLO": THE FISHBALL OPERETTA OF FRANCIS JAMES CHILD — *M. A. DeWolfe Howe* — 187

THE IDEAS OF LYSANDER SPOONER — *A. John Alexander* — 200

LYMAN ABBOTT: CHRISTIAN EVOLUTIONIST — *Ira V. Brown* — 218

MEMORANDA AND DOCUMENTS

Hawthorne's Review of *Evangeline* — *Hubert H. Hoeltje* — 232

Hawthorne's *Fanshawe:* The Promising of Greatness — *Carl Bode* — 235

BOOK REVIEWS AND SHORT NOTICES

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS AND THE FOUNDATIONS OF AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY, by Samuel F. Bemis — *Richard W. Leopold* — 243

THE CROOKED CORRIDOR, A STUDY OF HENRY JAMES, by Elizabeth Stevenson

HENRY JAMES AND THE EXPANDING HORIZON, A STUDY OF THE MEANING AND BASIC THEMES OF JAMES'S FICTION, by Osborn Andreas

HENRY JAMES AND ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, A RECORD OF FRIENDSHIP AND CRITICISM, edited by Janet Adam Smith — *Leon Edel* — 245

ART AND LIFE IN AMERICA, by Oliver W. Larkin — *Samuel M. Green* — 250

THE PUBLIC RECORDS OF THE STATE OF CONNECTICUT, FROM MAY 1789 THROUGH OCTOBER 1792, compiled by Leonard Woods Labaree — *Richard J. Purcell* — 252

THE FORMING OF AN AMERICAN TRADITION: A RE-EXAMINATION OF COLONIAL PRESBYTERIANISM, by Leonard J. Trinterud — *Edmund S. Morgan* — 254

HISTORY OF NAUGATUCK, CONNECTICUT, by Constance McL. Green — *Leonard W. Labaree* — 256

EVOLUTION AND THE FOUNDERS OF PRAGMATISM, by Philip P. Wiener — *Harold A. Larrabee* — 258

THE THEORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE, by Howard Mumford Jones — *John Lydenberg* — 259

THE STORY OF BAR HARBOR, by Richard W. Hale, Jr. — *Frederick S. Allis, Jr.* — 261

POSTAL MARKINGS OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS TO 1890, by Maurice C. Blake and Wilbur W. Davis — *Arthur R. Davis* — 264

FOUNDATIONS OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, by Jesse H. Shera — *Zoltán Haraszti* — 265

CAPE COD SUMMER, by Eleanor Early

IT'S AN OLD CAPE COD CUSTOM, by Edwin Valentine Mitchell — *Henry C. Kittredge* — 268

THE PINE FURNITURE OF EARLY NEW ENGLAND, by Russell Hawes Kettell — *Bertram K. Little* — 270

GEORGE SYLVESTER MORRIS: HIS PHILOSOPHICAL CAREER AND THEISTIC IDEALISM, by Marc Edmund Jones — *Harold A. Larrabee* — 271

CHANGING PATTERNS IN AMERICAN CIVILIZATION, by Dixon Wecter, F. O. Matthiessen, Detlev W. Bronk, Brand Blanshard and George F. Thomas — *John Lydenberg* — 273

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, by James Grossman — *Sterling Lanier* — 274

SHORT NOTICES — 276

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED — 284

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS — 287

DONORS TO THE NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY — 287

THE
NEW ENGLAND
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JUNE 1950

QUEEN MIDAS: HETTY ROBINSON GREEN

PETER WYCKOFF

HER only yacht was the Hoboken Ferry; a dirty street car was her limousine. Her castle was any cheap boarding house to which she could retire by night and relive the excitement of the business day. Mrs. Hetty Robinson Green revelled in poverty so long as it didn't involve any depreciation in the value of her own widely scattered interests. The wealth of this, the richest woman in the world, was ludicrously out of proportion to the shabby manner in which she lived. From the age of eight, when she opened her first bank account, until the day she died, seventy-three years later, Hetty Green pinched every dollar of her immense fortune.

What was the open sesame that made her the world's richest woman? How did she survive financial panics that finally took the measure of a speculator as bold and daring as her own husband? Hetty stepped into the market herself two or three times and saved him by calmly awaiting the expiration of the current bear raid. But the $280,015.87 she contributed toward his losing share of a defunct opium pool was too expensive a cross to bear. She disposed of him as quickly as she would have sold any dubious investment, and she continued on her way

alone—always suspicious of those who would rob her of her jealously guarded wealth. A stingy disposition, a canny sense of values, and a fortune that fell into her lap at an early age were the columns supporting her success. The estimated sum of $100,000,000 she left when she died on July 3, 1916, was the yardstick that measured her ability.

The foundation of Hetty Green's fortune was buried in oil, but it was not the same "black gold" upon which the Rockefeller millions were based. It was oil captured by the whaler's harpoon. It was drilled from porous blubber instead of from the ground. It fed the lamps of the world, and it made the light shine in the eyes of the Howlands, for Isaac Howland, Jr., and Co. controlled thirty whalers. The prosperity of New Bedford depended upon the whaling industry and the Howland family was the axis around which that prosperity revolved. Little Hetty Robinson's financial star gleamed ever brighter when her younger brother's sudden death left her sole heir to a whaling empire that stretched around the world. Her grandfather, Gideon Howland, Jr., was formerly captain of his own whaler and it was his marriage to a cousin, Mehitable, the daughter of Isaac, Jr., that paved the way for the fortune of Sylvia Ann Howland, Hetty's spinster aunt. Hetty Robinson stood alone at the receiving end of the funnel through which poured money that was squeezed from the blubber of countless whales. She was the only niece of Sylvia Ann; she was Gideon Jr.'s only granddaughter; she was the only great granddaughter of Isaac, Jr. Indeed, she was the only living person in the fourth generation of Howlands, and she was "heir-at-law" to all the others.

Hetty's father, Edward Mott Robinson, was an extremely rich man in his own right and it was he, perhaps more than any of the Howlands, who taught her to respect the value of the dollar. Robinson, or "Black Hawk," as he was called by his associates, was a tall, handsome Quaker from Providence, Rhode Island, who was renowned for his ability to drive a hard bargain. Not long after his arrival in New Bedford, he married

Abby, Sylvia Ann's only sister. In 1833 he was admitted into the Howland firm and, approximately a year later, on November 21, 1834, his first child, Hetty, was born. "Black Hawk" was a man of explosive character whose determination to override anything that stood in his path caused him to be known as "the very Napoleon of our little business community." His wife was an invalid with a disposition as weak as her body. She was much too feeble for the task of raising a vigorous and healthy daughter who thrived on horseback riding and other outdoor sports. Hetty's character was consequently moulded by the male members of her family, her father and her grandfather.

From an early age her impressionable mind was saturated with finance and the fine traditions of the Howland dynasty. The financial page was her favorite reading material, and by the time she was fifteen she knew more about the stock market than many individuals twice her age. What little motherly love and affection she received came from her aunt, Sylvia Ann. The child's tiny, grey-clad figure—a leaden-colored bonnet perched atop a mass of beautiful hair—was a familiar sight as she patiently followed her father or her grandfather on their many errands into the black holds of the whaling vessels. The rough language of the docks was a part of her education. In later years, whenever she was angry or excited, Hetty frequently resorted to the colorful expletives that she had picked up from some long-forgotten seaman. Hetty and her father would often interrupt their business at the docks by visiting the nearest free lunch counter. "Black Hawk" Robinson was not the man to spend money when food could be had for nothing.

The governess who was hired to supplement that portion of Hetty's education not derived from the waterfront was eventually dismissed and, at the age of ten, Hetty was sent away to Eliza Wing's boarding school in Sandwich. The food was particularly unappetizing and Hetty often complained that the crew of any whaler enjoyed better fare. The family, however, hoped that the school would make up in discipline for

what it lacked in diet. Hetty was later transferred to Miss Lowell's in Boston, where her complaints ceased for the time being and where she learned "plain things, to be thrifty and careful, not to waste, to be just, and to read the Bible."

Gideon Howland, Jr., died on September 2, 1847, and the twelve-year-old girl's thoughts immediately focused on the amount of money she imagined her grandfather must have left her. Gideon had multiplied the $248,000 that was willed to him by his father to $800,000 and Hetty was confident that when apportioning this wealth he would remember his only granddaughter. Her character seemed suddenly to change the moment she discovered her name was not included among the beneficiaries. She cried herself to sleep that night. She became more niggardly and frugal in her ways than ever before. She realized the Howland money must eventually be hers and she berated any member of the family who wasted it on anything save the barest necessities. She believed it a form of wickedness to spend money on a luxury.

Hetty Robinson was indeed a rich catch for any man, but she was so suspicious of those who paid her the slightest attention that many would-be suitors were frightened away. Hetty was an extremely attractive young lady. Her devotion to the out-of-doors and the wholesome life she led at Round Hills Farm, the family summer home on Buzzard's Bay, improved her appearance as much as subsequent investments enhanced her purse. Her deep-set blue eyes were luminous, her cheeks were ruddy and her beautiful hair was worn like a crown. Herman Melville might have been describing Hetty when he wrote: "the women of New Bedford, they bloom like their own red roses. But roses only bloom in summer, whereas the fine carnation of their cheeks is perennial as sunlight in the seventh heaven."

The same author might just as easily have quoted Hetty's words when he put an order into the mouth of Captain Ahab. "A dead whale or a stove boat," was a pleasantry compared to the orders Hetty Robinson shouted at her mother as she bul-

lied her about the house, or those she flung at the lawyer who handled her mother's estate in 1860. Her fury was aroused when the attorney decreed that Abby's personal property, which was worth about $120,000, should go to "Black Hawk" Robinson and that Hetty's share should be a mere $8,000 worth of real estate. The fracas over Abby's will was the beginning of unfriendliness between Hetty's rich father and her even wealthier aunt. Sylvia Ann wanted all the Howland money to be kept within the family and, as a measure of appeasement, she gave Hetty $20,000 in stock. This generous gift temporarily soothed Hetty's feelings, but it did not patch up the differences between Sylvia Ann and "Black Hawk." The year following his wife's death, "Black Hawk" resigned from the firm and went to New York, where he became associated with William T. Coleman Co., a shipping concern.

Hetty went to live with her aunt and, by attempting to convert her into miserly ways, she also tried, indirectly, to help herself. Everything she did was designed to save money. She quarrelled with the servants and then tried to have them dismissed for insolence. She brought intense suffering to her invalid aunt by riding a horse that she had once promised faithfully she would never attempt to ride. She countermanded Sylvia Ann's orders before a dinner party by trying to cut down on the amount of food that was to be served, and she insisted that common cloth should supplant the fine table linen that her aunt had put aside for use on that occasion.

Finally, after a heated discussion about a possible addition to the house, Hetty departed for New York in tears. But $2,000,000 was in the balance and Hetty was not the person to give up where anything like so grand a sum was involved. She wrote frequent, appealing letters to Sylvia Ann in an effort to conserve the money she feared would be squandered during her absence. Hetty was irked by her aunt's longevity, and she became increasingly suspicious of anyone who seemed to gain Sylvia Ann's confidence. Hetty's alarm was somewhat appeased on June 14, 1865, when her father died in New York,

leaving her almost a million dollars in cash and real estate with the interest on another four and a half million to be held for her in trust. When Sylvia Ann Howland followed him to the grave eighteen days later, Hetty Robinson found herself in possession of the wealth she had coveted ever since she was old enough to have feelings of her own.

However much she may have been delighted with this realization of her childhood dreams, Hetty was now brought face to face with something that never ceased to worry her for the rest of her life. She was terrified that she would be assassinated for her money. This fear was brought on by "Black Hawk's" dying words: "I have been poisoned by a band of conspirators. You will be next. Watch out for yourself." Sylvia Ann's death, coming as soon as it did after that of her father, only sharpened the suspicions that began to pile up in Hetty's mind. She was positive Sylvia Ann had been poisoned and when, at the funeral, she overheard two relatives whispering together, she was convinced that she was next on the list.

"We are to get everything when Hetty dies," said one of the "conspirators." "When that happens we are going to add a greenhouse to this place." The remark had a double sting. It not only involved the expenditure of money, but it satisfied Hetty that there was a plot against her life. She immediately locked herself in her room, and for days she refused to eat anything that was not prepared by her own hands. But Hetty soon became so involved in a legal battle over Sylvia Ann's will that she had little time to worry about an imaginary assassin.

While Hetty was absent from the New Bedford house, Sylvia Ann had made a secret will that was not as generous as Hetty believed it should be. Half her aunt's property was bequeathed to four trustees and other beneficiaries, including the National Sailors' Home. Out of this amount, two hundred thousand dollars was left to the City of New Bedford, while another huge sum was left to the New Bedford Free Public Library. The other half of the property was to be placed in trust

for Hetty with the proviso that it should eventually be apportioned among the lineal descendants of the Howland family should Hetty die childless. Hetty was in a towering rage and claimed that Sylvia Ann was not mentally sound at the time the will was made. In order to help her prove this point, she enlisted the services of Edward H. Green, a friend of her father's. Hetty's assertion was merely the preliminary skirmish in a two-year battle that involved an expenditure of $150,000 in costs and counsel fees. Five months after challenging her aunt's sanity, Hetty produced another will, which provided that everything was to be left to whichever of the two signatories should outlive the other. Neither Hetty nor Sylvia Ann was to have made another will without the full consent and knowledge of the other party. Hetty claimed its purpose was to exclude "Black Hawk" Robinson from any of the Howland money. No trace of an identical copy, bearing Hetty's signature, could be found among Sylvia Ann's effects, but Hetty's copy, bearing her aunt's "signature," was on display at all times.

Was the signature a forgery? The entire population of New Bedford waited for the answer. Handwriting experts from Harvard College were summoned by both sides to examine the disputed signature. Louis Agassiz, the famous naturalist; Benjamin Peirce, the mathematician; and the celebrated Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes were called upon to state their opinions. By winning the case Hetty would have acquired everything except $100,000, but, in spite of everything that she or Edward Green could do, the verdict was in favor of the opposition. Sylvia Ann's will was disposed of on a technical point, and the court never answered the question as to whether the signature was a forgery. Hetty never forgave any of the lawyers who were party to the decision against her, and from that moment she never entertained a great respect for judges. Many of her later actions were motivated almost entirely by her hatred of lawyers. She considered them all a band of grasping individuals

who would not hesitate to wheedle the last penny from a defenseless woman.

"Why is a lawyer like a man who is restless in bed?" Hetty once asked a reporter, and then, when the answer was not forthcoming, she replied, "because both lie first on one side and then on the other." Lawyers and assassins thus became Hetty's principal bug-bears. In her opinion the two professions were interchangeable—one plotted against the purse; the other against the person. Her fear of assassins was genuine, but she never had anything but contempt for lawyers.

Hetty's marriage, on July 11, 1867, to E. H. Green, the man who had worked so desperately on her behalf during the tedious court proceedings, came as a surprise to no one, although Hetty and Mr. Green were as unlike as night and day. "Papa," as Hetty called her jovial spouse, was a Wall Street plunger with a love for high living. He was a tall, heavy set man, weighing about 250 pounds, who loved a bottle of wine and a well-told story. Eighteen years in the Philippines and a fortune acquired through tireless effort in the mercantile business placed him within the good graces of "Black Hawk" Robinson, who must often have wondered whether his daughter was destined to follow her aunt into spinsterhood.

The actual conquest of Hetty Robinson's heart was said to have been due largely to a social faux-pas. The error involved an accidental switching of envelopes. One of these was addressed to Green's tailor; the other, to the lady of his affections. There is no record of the tailor's comment when he received a sentimental valentine in the mail. Hetty Robinson, however, was so taken aback at the small amount of the cheque enclosed with the tailor's bill, that she decided then and there to become Mrs. Edward Green. Anyone who bought only the cheapest clothes was a man after her own heart. In any event, she prudently made him sign a paper before the marriage, releasing her from liability for his debts, but making him liable for her support. These precautions taken, the man from Bellows Falls, Vermont, and the thirty-two-year-old New Bedford

heiress were married quietly in New Bedford and sailed for England the moment Sylvia Ann Howland's estate was settled.

Although Hetty Green's income was then estimated to be $1,000 a day, it was in London, after her marriage, that she really began to devote her time to moneymaking. Threadneedle Street was as familiar to her as Wall Street was later to become. Her affairs led her to the "City's" banks and financial houses; while her husband's interests led him to Mayfair and the London clubs. Their paths crossed occasionally at the Langham Hotel where the Greens made their headquarters; it was there that their first child, Edward Howland Robinson Green, was born.

The United States government, in the meantime, was deep in difficulties resulting from the Civil War. Enormous sums of money were needed for the reconstruction of homes and industry. Factories and ships; offices and private dwellings; new enterprise and foreign trade—all looked hopefully toward the government for survival. The harassed lawmakers, in turn, relied upon the printing presses to solve the problem and, almost overnight, the country was flooded with large quantities of "Greenbacks." But these were worth only about half their face value, and the consequent reduction in government bond values soon attracted the attention of Mrs. Green. She began to accumulate the bonds for as low as forty cents on the dollar. She continued this practice for the next two years, and she also began to invest in the bonds of the Rock Island Railroad. Gradually the vast power of the American industrial giant began to assert itself in world trade. When bond prices began to appreciate in value, the merest fraction of a point on the upside meant thousands to Hetty Green. In a single year in London she made one and a quarter million dollars. In a single day she cleared $200,000, an amount which, according to Hetty herself, was the "largest single day's earnings of my life."

A few years after the Greens returned from England, two incidents occurred which caused an abrupt change in Hetty's mode of living and her attitude toward life. "Papa" and "Ma-

ma" Green were living apart at the time, their marriage having succumbed to frequent and violent arguments. Although they always maintained a strange affection for one another, they were never quite able to see eye to eye on anything that bordered on finance. The more "Papa" gambled away in the stock market, the more "Mama" tightened her purse strings. Rigid economy extended into every corner of Hetty's life. She extolled her meanness and glorified her miserly traits. Green was a fashion plate of the latest in men's attire, while Hetty's clothing looked older and more faded every day. Even the services of a doctor for her two children were considered a waste of money when Hetty herself could much less expensively administer to their cuts and bruises.

One day Hetty carried her stinginess too far. Her son, Ned, injured his knee cap while coasting. The fourteen-year-old boy's agonized cries stabbed through Hetty like a white-hot poker, but she obstinately clung to the belief that she could mend the knee by frequent applications of hot sand. But the wound refused to heal. In desperation, Hetty took Ned to Bellevue Hospital and got him admitted as a charity patient. The case was unique, not only from a medical standpoint, but because it finally exploded into a scandal when the hospital authorities discovered that the woman in tattered garments was the celebrated Hetty Green. Hetty suffered further agonies five years after the accident when Ned's leg was amputated.

Hetty Green's unwillingness to spend money on medical care was just as great when she was ill. In later years, when she was living alone in Hoboken on an income of $5,000 a day, she registered at a public dispensary under an assumed name, but was recognized and exposed to the newspapers who made much of the incident. Her behavior at free clinics and hospitals was cited to members of the legislature as an example of the need of a law to protect charitable institutions from imposition. If such a law was ever passed, it certainly never swerved Hetty Green from any of her accustomed habits. Her fear of assassination was commensurate with the steady increase in

the size of her fortune. She knew her father and her aunt had been "murdered," and when Ned was hurt, she believed only for a very short time that it was an accident. Her clutch on her money tightened as these fears increased, and she retired deeper and deeper into the life of a miser.

In the meantime, Edward Green continued to live in a world of his own that was bounded by the stock market, gentlemen's clubs, and the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. He was an official of the line and, before they began living apart, the Greens travelled frequently to Chicago in the private car granted to Hetty as a sort of extra dividend on her enormous stock holdings. But things went gradually from bad to worse. In 1879 Green voted proxies for approximately 29,000 shares of the 90,605 then outstanding. In 1881, the year of his short-lived, three-month term as president of the road—after the 1879 stock increases had been voted—he declared proxies for 95,000 shares. Two years later, he voted 68,000 shares, but in 1884 he voted only 100 shares. In 1885, when he was barely on speaking terms with Hetty, he left the road forever.

Hetty at that time dealt almost exclusively with the New York banking firm of John J. Cisco and Son. She liked old John Cisco, the senior partner to whose care she had entrusted some $25,000,000 in stocks, bonds, and mortgages. One day in 1885, shortly after the close of the stock market, it was announced that John J. Cisco and Son had made assignment for the benefit of its creditors. The news spread around New York like wildfire. Traders and analysts wondered how a market that was already overburdened with bearish news could withstand the selling wave that would surely engulf it the following morning. Prior to the opening, Jay Gould made a statement that saved the day. He opined that the Cisco failure was a limited affair and that he would be a buyer of stocks on any reaction. His opinion was further substantiated by a member of the firm itself, who said the failure was caused principally by Mrs. E. H. Green, because she had suddenly insisted upon the transfer of $556,581.33 to the Chemical National Bank.

The Cisco failure, combined with bad luck in the opium pool, cost Green his fortune and his wife. He sold the two fine horses and the barouche he had enjoyed during his presidency of the Louisville and Nashville, and went to live in solitude at the Union League Club. They rarely met thereafter, and then only when Hetty felt in the mood for an argument. "My husband," she once remarked, "is of no use to me at all. I wish I did not have him. He is a burden to me." Green was sixty-seven at the time and was said to be penniless. Although he left a small estate at his death, it was common gossip that Hetty had pensioned him off on an allowance of a dollar a day.

Her husband out of the way, Hetty Green was now free to concentrate on making money. The Cisco failure placed her in the public eye and everything she ever said or did was discussed for days. Her picture was familiar to everyone; no woman in the United States was the subject of more newspaper or magazine articles. The panic of 1890 was the first in which she was really active. She was said to have been able to smell a bear market and when it came she would prowl along Wall Street picking up bargains. Very often she was blamed for market fluctuations for which she was not in the least responsible. The rumor went about that Drake Brothers acted as her brokers. Whenever a member of that firm appeared in any "railroad crowd," it was at once assumed that he was buying or selling huge blocks of "rails" for the account of Hetty Green. It was, nevertheless, a fact that Hetty had as much preference for railroads as her father had for whales. The Philadelphia and Reading was rumored to be one of her favorites, but the only road about which there was any story concerning her supposed manipulations was the Louisville and Nashville.

One day, just before the turn of the century, a broker from Kentucky, named Addison Cammack, learned that Louisville was about to reduce its dividend. Cammack was a great "bear," who, on many previous occasions, had successfully survived the warning contained in the famous Wall Street couplet:

He who sells what isn't his'n,
Must buy it back or go to pris'n.

The selling, of course, refers to a comparatively complicated procedure known as "short selling," in which the seller is obliged to borrow the amount of stock he has sold in order to make good his delivery to the buyer. In the days of Addison Cammack it was a simple matter for a group of "bears" to raid the market by putting out an extensive line of short stock. Prices would decline if the selling pressure was great enough and the "bears" could cover, or buy their stock back again, at a handsome profit. If, on the other hand, the stock went up instead of down, the "bears" would be caught in their own trap and eventually forced to make good the difference.

Addison Cammack reasoned that Louisville's coming dividend reduction provided sufficient grounds for bearishness. He decided to put out an extensive short line and bide his time, hopefully, until the bad news was announced and he could "cover" at a greatly reduced figure. He began operations by dumping overboard huge blocks of Louisville. The stock immediately broke thirty points. It fell so easily that before he knew it he was short twice as much stock as he was when his selling started the decline. Cammack was delighted. He had already figured his paper profits in the millions and he eagerly awaited an even greater sell-off. Suddenly, and without warning, the trap clanged shut around his neck. His classic description of his own sorry plight should be chiselled in stone above the entrance of every "board room" in the country: "Overnight I discovered there wasn't any longer any stock to be borrowed. I was in a slaughter. Whichever way I looked I spurted blood."

The moment he discovered his predicament, Cammack was in agony, and long before the next market opening he sent a fellow broker, Al Combs, to see Hetty Green, the only person in a position to lend or sell him enough Louisville to cover his many commitments. Hetty decided to teach Cammack a les-

son. She informed Combs that she was much too busy to discuss business that day, because she was going out of town, but if Combs would drop around the following day, she would be able to see him. Hetty couldn't resist a final dig as the crestfallen Combs turned to leave: "Mr. Cammack, so I've heard tell, knows enough about Louisville to know that if I happen to have some of it I ought to be ashamed to confess it."

That afternoon Hetty sent the wretched Cammack a message to say that she would meet him instead of Combs. After a sleepless night, Cammack went around to see her the first thing in the morning. Hetty readily admitted that there was a little stock she could let him have. "Here's a slip with the figures of what 40,000 shares cost me, top and bottom price. So, Mr. Cammack, just to be neighborly, if you will add ten dollars a share to what the total cost, why we can agree right quick. What d'ye say, Mr. Cammack?"

The speechless man handed her a cheque representing a profit to her of $400,000. He had expected much worse treatment for Hetty actually had the stock "cornered," and she could have taken every cent he had. From that day, no one could ever tell Addison Cammack that Hetty Green was heartless. "I am in earnest," Hetty often confided, "therefore they picture me heartless. I go my own way, take no partners, risk nobody else's fortune, therefore I am Madame Ishmael, set against every man."

Hetty's clothing was the talk of Bellows Falls. Her mode of attire when she was away from New York was no less disreputable than when she was stalking along the Bowery looking for a cheap place to spend the night. Her everlasting desire for a disguise to foil kidnappers and murderers may account, partially, for her shabby appearance, but her wish to save money was no less an incentive. On cold days she stuffed newspapers under her dress to add further to the warmth supplied by a set of men's underwear. She wore black to hide the dirt. It was said she saved a tidy sum by having only the bottoms of her petticoats laundered. "While my mother was carrying me she

was frightened half to death by a ragged, tattered tramp," Hetty once explained to a relative. "I have to wear old clothes. I suffer, really, when I'm dressed up."

She avoided the tax assessor like the plague. Her only "official" residence was at Bellows Falls, and for years she successfully withstood every attempt to prove she was a resident of any other state by constantly moving from one place to another under a variety of assumed names. "Mrs. Hickey"; "Mrs. Nash"; "Mrs. C. Dewey," or "Mrs. Smith"—the names sprang up like mushrooms in the dark hallways of cheap tenements in Brooklyn, Hoboken, and along the Bowery. If she had been classed as a resident of New York she would have been liable to an annual payment of $30,000.

Before planning a trip to Chicago or Bellows Falls, Hetty would first move all her belongings to a vault in the Chemical National Bank to avoid having to maintain lodgings. The pile of belongings gradually assumed tremendous proportions. On the second floor was an ever-growing pyramid of packing cases and trunks. A wagon, and later even a buggy, somehow appeared in Mrs. Green's vault. But her presence, and above all her fortune, meant thousands of dollars' worth of business. Woe betide any bank employee who dared complain, or even smile, at Hetty Green's eccentricities: a tax dodger by night; a money lender by day.

A very short time after Hetty had once demanded a receipt for a nickel trolley ride in Hoboken, she loaned four and a half million dollars to the City of New York. Her ready money supply stood her in good stead with city officials over tax matters, and Hetty was delighted to get a return on money that might otherwise have remained idle. She did so much business and appeared so often at the Chemical National Bank that she soon became known as the "priestess" of that institution. She would spend hours during the business day roving about the bank or sitting at whichever desk happened to suit her fancy. Often she would squat on the cold, stone floor surrounded by bags, papers, and mounds of bonds from which she would dili-

gently clip coupons by the hour. In order to save herself the time and expense of eating, Hetty usually chewed a piece of raw onion, which, on good days, lasted from morning until night. Occasionally, when an onion was unobtainable, she would produce an unwrapped ham sandwich from a voluminous pocket of her dress. The volume of her business eventually became so great that President Williams quietly arranged and furnished a special office for her convenience. Hetty was furious and promptly disowned it, though, as a slight concession to the bank's desperate need for space, she did condescend to have the wheels removed from the wagon and the buggy.

Hetty was continually at war with the idea that women lacked "money sense." Her formula for success was identical to that which she imparted to her son, Ned, on the eve of his own business career: "Never," she told him, "speculate in Wall Street; never maintain an office; eat slowly; don't stay up all night; don't drink ice water, and keep out of draughts. If a man owes you $956.17, don't accept $956.16. In business, don't close a bargain until you have reflected upon it over night."

Ned was infinitely more the apple of his mother's eye than his sister, Sylvia. Although neither child was a Roman Catholic, Ned was graduated from Fordham College in 1888, while Sylvia attended the Sacred Heart Academy in Manhattanville. This idea of sending them to Roman Catholic schools probably came from Hetty's greatest friend, Countess Annie Leary. Miss Leary had been made a Papal Countess in recognition of services to the church, and it was she who exercised a greater influence over Hetty than almost anyone, with the possible exception of Ned Green. She it was certainly who took Sylvia under her wing while Hetty was absorbed in teaching Ned the rudiments of business.

Ned had already passed his bar examinations, but he was not destined to practice law. Perhaps it was his mother's lifetime aversion to lawyers that made her write to the Connecti-

cut River Railroad to ask if there was a position available for her son. At any rate, she certainly never consulted him about the manner in which she had already planned his career. A letter came by return mail stating that a position would be given Mr. E. H. R. Green upon application. There was never any question about whether or not Ned would accept the position; Ned began as a clerk at $45 a month. At the end of the first month he was $40 in debt. He wrote his mother for help, but her reply, telegraphed collect, was terse: "Not a cent."

Hetty eventually took heed of Ned's frequent pleas for responsibility, by sending him to Chicago to deliver a package to her agent that was supposed to contain $250,000 in negotiable bonds. Ned was panic-stricken lest the precious bundle be lost or stolen en route. At night he stored it carefully under his mattress. During the day he never dared let it out of his sight. It was with a sigh of profound relief that he finally handed it over to the puzzled agent who, upon investigation, discovered nothing more than a stack of worthless fire-insurance policies. Hetty was delighted that Ned had passed the test. She tried other, less spectacular methods, until she was at last convinced that he was well enough equipped to handle some of her Chicago holdings. Hetty was then worth in the neighborhood of fifty million dollars. Her Chicago properties were greater than anyone's with the exception of those of Marshall Field. Inasmuch as Ned would one day inherit half this amount, Hetty decided that Chicago was the most likely place for him to begin his training. Ned's business education was of such primary importance that even though the total monthly income he was privileged to relay to his mother amounted to $40,000, his salary remained at the ridiculously low figure of three dollars a day.

Ned's personal appearance contrasted sharply with the amount of his daily wage. His exercise was limited because of his one good leg, and he was already corpulent. Nevertheless, he was still handsome enough to make Hetty worry about female fortune-hunters, and she was not satisfied until she had

made him promise not to marry for twenty years. Ned's evenings were spent mostly at the theater. He even went so far as to back two shows which his mother possibly never found out about. In any event, she had enough confidence in his ability to send him to Terrell, Texas, to foreclose a $750,000 mortgage that was due her on the Texas and Midland Railroad. Ned bought the road and wired Hetty the news. "The road is yours," she wired back. "See what you can do with it."

Ned moved to Texas where he soon became a popular figure. One of his hobbies was the culture of flowers, and he maintained a huge nursery in Dallas. Fond of yachting and fishing, he organized the first Tarpon Club in Texas. He also ran for governor on the Republican ticket, but was defeated.

Shortly after Ned's arrival in Texas, large-scale warfare opened between Hetty and Collis P. Huntington of California and the Southern Pacific Railroad. A major battle was launched when Huntington began accumulating stock in the Houston and Texas Railroad for as low as ten dollars a share. But the moment Huntington began to reorganize the road, he locked horns with Hetty Green. Hetty owned $1,000,000 worth of the bonds, and when her enemy asked all bondholders to cooperate by turning in their bonds, she refused point blank. Huntington was furious. He coaxed and wheedled. He tried every ruse at his command, but Hetty stood firm and she eventually caused the road to be thrown into the hands of receivers. When a public sale was forced, she collected in full. Huntington, in the meantime, had been doing everything possible to make railroading uncomfortable for Ned Green. He weakened the props under Ned's road by questioning the land grants and the titles to the land through which the railroad passed.

The feud came into the public eye and drew considerable attention in the press. A group of Huntington haters from California lent color to the affair by sending Hetty a six-shooter with elaborate instructions about the proper use of the gift. In an effort to resolve the argument once and for all, Hunting-

ton went to New York and met Hetty at the bank. The battle raged back and forth without result until Huntington, in a final bid for a decision, informed Hetty that he was going to have Ned put in jail. No statement could have goaded Hetty into a greater frenzy. All hell broke loose as she faced him, eyes blazing defiance and teeth clenched: "Up to now, Huntington, you have dealt with Hetty Green, the business woman. Now you are dealing with Hetty Green, the mother. Harm one hair of Ned's head and I'll put a bullet through your heart." To lend emphasis to her words Hetty reached for the revolver on the desk. Huntington was wise enough to realize this was no empty threat. He ran away so fast he dropped his silk hat and never stopped to retrieve it.

Hetty Green was not the person to forget easily. She set out to get Huntington, but no opportunity presented itself until 1899. By some means, known only to herself, Hetty discovered that Huntington was borrowing money from a certain bank and that his operations were still several weeks short of fulfillment. Gradually she began to make deposits at the same bank. Huntington's heavy borrowings were a severe drain on the bank's resources and the directors were delighted when the wealthy Mrs. Green suddenly upped her balance to $1,600,000. One day, after she had first ascertained that Huntington was still borrowing, Hetty went to the bank and demanded her balance, immediately, in cash. The directors fussed and fumed at so unreasonable a request. Hetty announced that she had heard the bank was making some doubtful loans and had decided to protect herself by withdrawing her balance. The amount was finally delivered in full and Huntington had never had a narrower escape. He died the following year.

On March 19, 1902, Edward Green died in his seven-foot bed at his home in Bellows Falls, where he had spent the last four years of his life. Hetty transferred her business activities from New York and took care of him to the end. The likeable man, whose last years were a nomadic existence between the Union League Club, the Hotel Cumberland and Hoboken,

where he lived for a short time in a little flat above Hetty, was buried in the family plot in Bellows Falls. The cause of death was inflammatory rheumatism, but it was not long before his estranged wife had persuaded herself that he had been murdered. Hetty was so terrified, she never quibbled over the fifty dollar fee charged for a pistol permit. But later when asked why she wished to carry a pistol, she remarked: "Mostly to protect myself against lawyers. I'm not much afraid of burglars or highwaymen."

The garb of mourning fitted perfectly with Hetty's desire for economy. When next seen in New York after her husband's funeral, she wore a heavy black veil. From the tips of her Congress gaiters to the flat bonnet on her head, she presented a solid wall of black. The umbrella she clutched around the middle was black and so was her worn fur muff. The "priestess" of the bank became the "Witch of Wall Street." Her news value was enormous and her gift of repartee was good for a story anytime. Reporters would lie in ambush for her in the afternoon outside the bank and follow her across in the ferry to Hoboken. Sometimes Hetty would shake them off her trail by a ruse. Sometimes she consented to an interview. But never did she abuse reporters or claim she had been misquoted. When asked for a tip on a good investment she would reply dryly: "The other world."

Hetty never cared what others thought of her appearance, but one day curiosity got the better of her. She was staying with her friend, Annie Leary, when she happened to make the casual acquaintance of Edward Hatch, Jr., a neighbor of Miss Leary's, who was then active in the management of Lord and Taylor's. Hatch was an early riser and one morning at 6:30, just as he emerged from his house, he happened to meet Hetty. He tipped his hat politely and they fell into step along Fifth Avenue. The morning stroll was repeated several times during the following months. On one of these occasions, Hetty suddenly turned to him and asked: "Is it true that I look as ragged and terrible as the newspapers say I do?" Hatch's ex-

perienced eye swept hurriedly over clothes that were at least ten years out of fashion. "Mrs. Green," he began timidly, "just consider that veil through which you are looking at me. It is torn. It is faded. It looks like hell. You come down to the store some morning and I'll give you one of the best veils we have in stock." The very next morning Hetty accosted him at the store: "I've come to see about that veil, Mr. Hatch." Hatch was dumbfounded that the offer he had made on the spur of the moment was so readily snapped up. Hetty selected a veil that was by no means the cheapest on display. She tried it on and admired herself for an instant in the mirror. "I wonder," she said, turning to him again, "if you have any skirts you could let me buy at reduced rates."

Hatch motioned weakly toward the only skirt of that type available, an eight-dollar model that had just been returned by a customer. Hatch glanced at the price tag and pretended it read fifty cents. Hetty's affection for the man grew as she thrust an eager hand into her purse to clinch the deal.

Only once did Hetty Green step outside the limits of her miserly rôle. This was for a brief period just prior to her thirty-eight-year-old daughter's marriage to a man at least twenty years her senior. He was Matthew Astor Wilks, a grandson of John Jacob Astor. Ever cautious and in order to avoid reporters who thirsted for a story about the way a miser would treat a prospective son-in-law, Hetty retired with Mr. Wilks to the privacy of a vault at the National Park Bank to open negotiations for the marriage contract. The result of the meeting was never disclosed until after Hetty's death when it was revealed that Wilks relinquished any claim he "might have to property my daughter [Sylvia Ann] has or might acquire." Wilks himself was worth about a million dollars, a pittance compared to the Green fortune, but the contract was found satisfactory to both parties and Sylvia was married to Mr. Wilks, on February 13, 1909, in Morristown, New Jersey.

The few months immediately preceding the wedding were like a trip to another world for the aging Hetty Green. For the

first time in years she was in a position to observe, at first hand, the strange behavior of her fellow human beings. This sudden about-face was the result of tireless effort on the part of Annie Leary who inveigled Hetty into abandoning her Hoboken flat. Hetty stored her furniture at the bank and moved into a comfortable suite at the Plaza Hotel. Talkative hotel employees confided to reporters that it was costing her fifteen dollars a day. A fashionable mode of attire was next on the list of innovations Annie Leary had prepared for her penurious friend. Then she introduced Hetty to a beauty specialist, a foreigner, who guaranteed to remove a year from any face with a single treatment. Hetty eagerly subscribed to twenty-one treatments for $300. She was seventy-four at the time and had apparently decided that fifty-three was the age best suited to her new mode of living. Gold plate for a formal dinner party was loaned by the generous Miss Leary. The meal was a sumptuous affair consisting of ten courses and three varieties of wine. New York society was agog at this newer and infinitely more human edition of Hetty Green. But the spell of enchantment was broken after a summer at Bellows Falls. Hetty renounced her new life and returned to a sordid existence in Hoboken.

Her husband was dead, her daughter married, and her son far away in Texas. Hetty lavished every attention on the one companion who was neither a lawyer, a snob, nor a conspirator. This marvellous being was Dewey, her little Skye terrier. The dog was one of the few carry-overs from her married life. The name was given him by Green in a fit of patriotism after the capture of Manila Bay. Hetty added a first name, "Cupid," and "C. Dewey" appeared frequently above the mailbox in many of the broken-down tenements where Hetty lived. A romp with Dewey was her favorite pastime. She showered him with affection and often boasted he could tell a lawyer anywhere by "the smell." Dewey's diet of rice pudding and rare beefsteak was ample proof of the high station he occupied. Once, when he was sick, Hetty tried to help him by applying arnica. The druggist was fully aware that the "Mrs. Morton"

who asked for five cents' worth of arnica was really Mrs. Hetty Green, but when he told her the charge was a dime, "Mrs. Morton" demanded, "How's that?" "Five cents for arnica; five cents for the bottle." "I'll not be robbed," she said, "I've got plenty of empty bottles home."

After Cupid Dewey's death, Ned Green assumed regency of his mother's scattered wealth and varied interests. This action prolonged Hetty's life considerably. Ned's influence over her was strong, and he speedily attended to complaints that were lodged by health authorities about unsanitary conditions in tenements his mother owned. In 1911, the Westminster Co., Inc.—capitalized at $125,000 or 1,250 shares of stock—was formed in New Jersey to help relieve Hetty of responsibility. Ned helped manage the business and Hetty gave him half the stock in return. The following year, the Wyndham Realization Co., Inc., was organized in New York to control her mortgages and real estate. Hetty loved work and abhorred the thought of complete retirement. "Retire," she snorted, "why should I give up work?"

Although Hetty had been a Quaker all her life, her only real affiliation with the church was the mortgages she held on many church properties. She had an extensive knowledge of the Bible and talked of God continually. Very often she referred to some Biblical quotation or passage to help her illustrate a point.

"Jesus did not ride in automobiles; an ass was good enough for Him," she remarked, when she found her son owned the first automobile to appear in Texas. In 1910, Hetty, imagining her death was not far off, went to Jersey City and was baptized at the Holy Cross Episcopal Church in a ceremony conducted by a nephew of Matthew Wilks. Her faith in God and in a future life is best illustrated by the following quotation, the partial result of an interview she once granted:

"If we live good lives here, clean lives, and are honest and love God, we need not worry about the next world. I am not worrying, I do not know what the next world is, but I do know

that a kindly light is leading me, and that I shall be happy after I leave here."

Hetty Green died on July 3, 1916, in a brownstone house on West 90th Street, New York. She was in the eighth month of her eighty-second year, a scant four months short of the age at which she had once predicted she would die. The initial paralytic collapse that paved the way for her death seventy-seven days later was caused, typically enough, by an argument over a cook's wages. The cook was Annie Leary's and the action took place during one of Hetty's visits to the house. Miss Leary had never taken offense with any of Hetty's frequent hints that she manage her affairs more economically. The general theme of her rebuttal was that people would be much better off if they spent more money, lived more comfortably and, above all, did more work for God.

One of these friendly arguments was overheard by the cook, who, fortified by liquor, one day had the audacity to waylay the person who advocated economy for Miss Leary's household. Hetty could swear as proficiently as the cook, but the latter had had more time in which to store up a variety of epithets. These she flung without mercy at her enraged opponent. The net result of Hetty's tirade was a stroke that paralyzed her entire left side. She was taken to her son's home and although few were supposed to survive more than three attacks, Hetty had five or six more between April 17 and July 3. As a concession to the invalid's eccentricities, the day and night nurses in attendance complied with the request that they change their uniforms for more ordinary attire. By this ruse Ned Green hoped to avoid the fuss his mother would surely have made if she knew extra money was being spent on her account.

The black, broadcloth coffin, containing the body of the woman who abominated luxury, travelled to Bellows Falls in a chartered Pullman car. The coffin was covered by a mantle of white carnations—a violation of Quaker doctrine—and it was lowered into the ground beside the grave of Edward Green.

Every newspaper was filled with speculation as to the terms of the will. Considering the magnitude of Hetty Green's estate, as well as the enormous amount carried over from the estate of Sylvia Ann Howland, shares were apportioned to four hundred and thirty-nine heirs with a speed that was little short of amazing. Shares ranged in all denominations to one-seventh of one half of one thirty-second of one forty-fifth, the least amount that was allotted to anyone. After four specific bequests, the remainder of Hetty's estate was left to her son and daughter as equal beneficiaries. Hetty had set up a ten-year trust for Sylvia, composed of securities with a par value of three and a half million dollars, to balance the fortune of "Black Hawk" Robinson, that went to Ned Green. Ned was to serve as trustee of Sylvia's fund without obligation. The remainder was equally divided between Ned and Sylvia and placed in trust for ten years. At the end of that time, if alive, they were to receive their shares without restriction. If either of them died during the intervening period the shares should pass to their children. If either died childless, his or her share was to pass automatically to the survivor. New York and New Jersey tried, without success, to receive a portion of the duties. The courts ruled that Hetty Green was a resident of Vermont and of no other state. In 1920 Vermont received $52,986 in addition to the $5,000 that had already been paid by the heirs.

Hetty Green was certainly endowed with the Midas touch. The golden collar encircling the neck of the panther on the Howland coat of arms was a prophetic symbol.

HISTORICAL BIFOCALS ON THE YEAR 1800

WILLIAM R. TAYLOR

HENRY Adams spent the winter of 1901 in his Washington study, his desk littered with magnets, mapping out lines of force by compass on scraps of paper and trying vainly to find some correspondence between the lines he drew and those he found drawn in the illustrations of books on magnetism. What he found, of course, was contradiction. He read the books for an explanation and found them very little help. No one seemed to know anything about magnetism, although it was "literally the most concrete fact in nature, next to gravitation which it defied." The accounts of magnetic force, furthermore, seemed not to agree with each other. Here again, he was forced to conclude, was multiplicity staring him in the face—further evidence that a multiverse of conflicting attitudes, assumptions and statements had replaced the reassuring teleological universe of his grandfather:

> The magnet in its new relation staggered his new education by its evidence of growing complexity, and multiplicity, and even contradiction, in life.[1]

The word "contradiction" is a congenial note on which to begin an essay in historiography. Contradiction is, after all, and perhaps should be, the historian's stock in trade. If occasionally, like Adams, he is "staggered" or made indignant by the contradictions he finds, he only betrays the interesting fact that, although intellectually he may long ago have accepted Adams' multiverse, he still lives and responds in an emotional universe where contradiction when it touches his immediate concerns is, at the least, disquieting. A surprising proportion of recent historical controversy seems to owe something of its indignant and righteous tone to such emotional universalism, to the need to resolve contradictions (and by contradicting to create more).

[1] Henry Adams, *The Education of Henry Adams* (New York, 1931), 396-397.

Every student of history has at one time or another looked up accounts of the same event or period as recounted by two or three different historians. Occasionally he will have found contradictions in matter of "fact." Who fired the first shot on Lexington Common? More often, the contradiction, while equally apparent, is one of broad interpretation. Was Europe or the American frontier the dominant influence in the development of American culture? In such a case as this last, how does he resolve the contradiction; or better, how *should* he resolve it? The English philosopher, R. G. Collingwood, points out that we are unable to find out what someone means by analyzing his written statement alone. "In order to find his meaning you must know what the question was (a question in his mind, and presumed by him to be in yours) to which the thing he has said or written was meant to be an answer."[2] Such an analysis seeks out the questions to which the contradictory statements are answers, tries to decide, in other words, what each historian was concerned to prove in a particular context and at a particular time.

To do so may require peering behind the narrative *mise en scène*. The historian, after all, is incessantly talking either directly or indirectly about the statements of other men—other historians, economists, sociologists—while observing the fiction of talking about something else—the Past, the Frontier, Imperialism, Slavery, or the Thirties. He bows out of omniscience only through employing the footnote. Thus two statements which appear to contradict each other may, once examined, be found to be answers to different questions addressed to different audiences at different times. Turner's frontier hypothesis, for example, does not contradict the older "germ theory" of American institutions so much as it meets the demands made upon historical studies by the growing prominence of the West and western historians. This is to say that the historian either directly or indirectly is taking part in a running debate which has for its judges and audience the historical guild and a few

[2] R. G. Collingwood, *An Autobiography* (New York, 1944), 26.

audacious laymen. New teams are constantly pushing forward while others retire to the sidelines. An hypothesis is advanced, defended for a while, later qualified, and finally abandoned in order to meet the changing demands of a developing society.

Many conflicts are oblique, indeed not even discernible until some analysis has taken place. Some historians seem inclined not so much to contradict as to evade one another. Although ostensibly writing about the same subject, they select different events, use different sources and a different kind of organization. How can this be explained? What kind of bifocals do our historians wear as they sit half focusing upon a manuscript before them and half upon an Idea of the Past? It is important that we ask, since it is through the lenses of our historians—at least in part—that our cultural past is projected.

One example may prove illuminating. Henry Adams and John B. McMaster have both included short accounts of American life in 1800 in their larger histories.[3] Although in scope hardly comparable, the two accounts are in some ways parallel. Both were published within a few years of one another: McMaster's in 1885 and Adams' in 1889. Both are pioneer attempts at social history, and both appear in what is either a largely political or diplomatic narrative. But here abruptly the parallel ends and ocular refraction becomes apparent.

When two historians add to what is otherwise a straight political or diplomatic narrative chapters of social, economic or intellectual history, it seems appropriate to ask why. What question or questions was each historian trying to answer by his selection and organization of material? What part did each account of 1800 have in the over-all organization of the history as a whole, or was it unrelated? And finally, what philosophy of history can be induced from the answering of the first two questions? Or, more briefly, what did Adams and McMaster *mean?*

[3] Henry Adams, *History of the United States* (New York, 1891), I, 1-184. John B. McMaster, *A History of the People of the United States* (New York, 1911), II, 538-582.

Henry Adams probably asked more historical questions than any other American historian. His *History* ends with a set of questions which follow from his conclusion that the traits of American character were fixed by 1815. Americans, he observed, were intelligent,

> but what paths would their intelligence select? They were quick, but what solution of insoluble problems would quickness hurry? They were scientific, and what control would their science exercise over their destiny? They were mild, but what corruptions would their relaxations bring? They were peaceful, but by what machinery were their corruptions to be purged? What interests were to vivify a society so vast and uniform? What ideals were to ennoble it? What object, besides physical content, must a democratic continent aspire to attain? For the treatment of such questions, history required another century of experience.[4]

Such questions as these illuminate Adams' method and concern as an historian. Obviously, in 1889 nearly "another century of experience" was available to those who wished to have answers to these questions, but the answers in themselves were not important. The dramatic irony which Adams here employs—the fiction of pretending not to know the answers—has the effect of sending his readers in search of the seeds of the present in the America of 1800. Adams, in other words, has attempted to "predict" the present just as in other places he has attempted (with equal irony) to predict the future. It has been argued that Adams really did want to predict the future and that for this reason he expected too much perhaps from the historian's craft. It seems fruitless, however, to enter such an argument at this point. What seems relevant today is an examination of Adams' historical writing in the light of this expressed concern to predict the present. Enough has already been written of Adams' philosophy of history. It has been common practice to refer to Adams' history as "solid" or "monumental" or "objective." Commager, while conceding that it is "good history—better history had not been written," goes on

[4] Adams, *History*, IX, 241-242.

to ask, in effect, "good for what?"[5] As his grounds for passing up Adams the historian for Adams the symbol, Commager recalls Adams' own low estimation of his historical writing. It seems unnecessary to defer so readily to Adams' highly ironic judgment of his *History*. A rather more detailed analysis of a part of it may indeed answer Commager's question, "Good for what?"

Adams remarks of his *History* before he goes on to disparage it that "He had even published a dozen volumes of American history for no other purpose than to satisfy himself whether, by the severest process of stating, with the least possible comment, such facts as seemed sure, in such order as seemed rigorously consequent, he could fix for a familiar moment a necessary sequence of human movement."[6] What, first of all, were "such facts as seemed sure"?

Adams devotes the first six chapters of his *History* to an analysis of American life in 1800.[7] In the first of these, entitled "Physical and Economic Conditions," he considers the condition of the country in terms of statistics, the unexplored mineral resources, the Indian barrier, the early state of communications, especially as relating to travel and the movement of freight, the poor living conditions of the average family, and the undeveloped state of banking and manufacturing. In the second chapter, entitled "Popular Characteristics," Adams tries to define the American character through describing the conditions of life in 1800. He gives accounts from travelers of eating habits and diet, the lack of privacy in taverns, the tendency to drink, the sources of amusement such as trotting races and the rough-and-tumble fights, the habit of frontier boasting, the inclination to curiosity and idleness, the primitive stage of formal education and the conservative attitude of the Americans toward innovation, whether financial or technological. Chapters three, four and five attempt through regional surveys of the New England States, the Middle States and the

[5] Henry Steele Commager, "Henry Adams," in *The Marcus W. Jernegan Essays in American Historiography* (Chicago, 1937), 195.

[6] *The Education of Henry Adams*, 382.

[7] Adams, *History*, I, 1-184.

South, respectively, to define what Whitehead would call the "climate of opinion" existing in each region. Emphasis is given to religious, political, and social attitudes. The final chapter, entitled "American Ideals,"[8] is devoted almost exclusively to Adams' analysis of the estimation of the American character made by foreign visitors and his answer, by way of defense, to their charges that the American was mercenary, vulgar, uncultured, and possessed of a wild and unfounded optimism about the American future.

This, briefly, is a crude paraphrase of the "subject matter" of Adams' analysis—a summary of the "facts" that Adams is interested in stating. But to what extent are the facts Adams uses "sure"? What are his sources? Unfortunately, the *History* is for the most part unannotated. In these first chapters, however, it is probable that Adams drew his "facts" from the statistical sources available to him in Washington,[9] and from the accounts of American life by travelers, many of whom he mentions by name. He quotes extensively, for example, from President Timothy Dwight of Yale and the Duc de Liancourt. A spot check of some citations from Dwight indicates that Adams did not twist the meaning of passages cited. On the contrary, he made an effort to evaluate the reliability of a source for the reader before he cited from it as McMaster often did not. Thus Alexander Wilson's critical remarks on his journey to New England are prefaced by a description of him as "Wilson, the ornithologist, a Pennsylvanian Scotchman, *a confirmed grumbler,* but a shrewd judge, and the most thorough of American travellers."[10] Another citation is preceded by the warning note: "An amusing, though quite untrustworthy Englishman named Ashe, who *invented* an American journey in 1806." Often the figures he quotes are qualified by such phrases as "the census shows" or "a *probable* valuation."[11] When he

[8] Adams, *History*, I, 156-184.

[9] Adams refers in the *Education* (p. 351), to his introduction to statistics under the guidance of Worthington Ford at the Statistical Bureau in Washington. Although this part of the narrative falls in the years 1894-1898, the context makes clear that Adams is returning to question a former source of Sure Truth.

[10] Adams, *History*, I, 18. (Italics mine.)

[11] Adams, *History*, I, 43, 20, 40. (Italics mine.)

comes to the highly impressionistic estimate of American morals, he warns the reader by the remark that "of all classes of statistics, moral statistics were least apt to be preserved."[12] It seems fair to say, then, that the sureness of Adams' facts rested in the fairness of his own evaluation of them.

This brings up the question of Adams' freedom from a regional "bias." It is customary to praise Adams for his objectivity and the evidence here tends to reinforce this judgment. In the allotment of space in the narrative, New England is granted no more latitude than other regions. A chapter is devoted to the Middle States and the South, as well as to New England. The settlements west of the Alleghenies, though slighted according to present-day evaluation, are far from neglected. Adams makes what is obviously an effort to understand the point of view of the frontiersman and to defend him from charges of crassness and vulgarity. Only occasionally, as in his description of the treatment of livestock, does he seem to slip up and reveal his assumptions. Livestock, he points out, were generally ill-cared for "and *even* in New England were not housed until the severest frosts."[13] But McMaster, it will be seen, was much less conscious of a regional bias.

When Adams remarked of his *History* that he had set himself the task of stating "such facts as seemed sure" and "with the least possible comment"[14] it seems evident that he had in mind not so much these early chapters as the body of his narrative. It is possible to show that these early chapters do not display marked reticence on Adams' part but are, on the contrary, highly interpretive in a way that the chapter from McMaster is not. The direction which this interpretation takes is of some interest in comparing Adams' theory and practice of history. First of all, metaphor after metaphor quietly asserts that the conditions of life in America in 1800 were little different from those in Europe hundreds of years before. The so-

[12] Adams, *History*, I, 48.

[13] Adams, *History*, I, 18. (Italics mine.)

[14] *The Education of Henry Adams*, 382.

ciety appeared static, inert. New York is described as "still medieval in regard to drainage and cleanliness."[15] The average New England farmhouse "was hardly so well built, so spacious, or so warm as that of a well-to-do contemporary of Charlemagne."[16] Those who had moved west were "struggling with difficulties all their own, in an isolation like that of Jutes or Angles in the fifth century."[17] The awkward homemade clothing of the farmer was soon destined to disappear "as completely as coats of mail and steel head pieces. The plough was rude and clumsy; the sickle as old as Tubal Cain, and even the cradle not in general use; the flail was unchanged since the Aryan exodus; in Virginia, grain was still commonly trodden out by horses."[18]

In more general terms, Adams concluded that huge natural barriers and slow communications divided settlements and stood in the way of civilization:

> Among the numerous difficulties with which the Union was to struggle . . . the disproportion between the physical obstacles and the material means for overcoming them was one of the most striking.[19]

Also acting against change and in favor of inertia was the conservative American mind:

> Great as were the material obstacles in the path of the United States, the greatest obstacle of all was in the human mind. Down to the close of the eighteenth century no change had occurred in the world which warranted practical men in assuming that great changes were to come.[20]

Human "experience" was the great obstacle to progress. Experience seemed to say that only centuries of hacking away at the wilderness could reduce it to civilization. There was no

[15] Adams, *History*, I, 25.
[16] Adams, *History*, I, 17.
[17] Adams, *History*, I, 5.
[18] Adams, *History*, I, 17.
[19] Adams, *History*, I, 40.
[20] Adams, *History*, I, 60.

precedent in the annals of history for a continent of America's magnitude remaining under a single flag. Experience foresaw only another checkered map of Europe.[21] Indeed, "The task of overcoming popular inertia in a democratic society was new, and seemed to offer peculiar difficulties."[22] And here Adams' use of "inertia" hints at the emerging dynamic theory of American development.

If Nature and Mind were the forces making for inertia in 1800, the force which was to overcome this inertia and accelerate the exploitation of the American continent and the development of the nation as a civilized society was Science. It was Science which was to "develop man's capacity to control nature's forces." It was Science which against great obstacles and suspicion was to give America the steamboat, the machine, and the turnpike.[23] Indeed, Adams concludes, it was a small group of visionaries and scientists such as Livingston, Barlow, Stevens, and Fulton who "dragged society forward."[24] It was a battle between the "force of the innovating spirit" and "experience," which "forced on men's minds the conviction that what had ever been must ever be."[25]

If American society in 1800 was inert and without unity, when did it become unified and begin to "move"? Adams' answer is contained in the concluding chapters of his final volume which analyze American society at the end of Madison's second administration. These chapters roughly parallel the method used by Adams in the first six chapters and act as a frame for the political and diplomatic narrative that falls between. In so far as they conclude the history, it is fair to assume they state Adams' thesis and suggest the question he was concerned to answer:

> In 1815 for the first time Americans ceased to doubt the path they were to follow. Not only was the unity of their nation established,

[21] Adams, *History*, I, 72-73.
[22] Adams, *History*, I, 73.
[23] Adams, *History*, I, 60-70.
[24] Adams, *History*, I, 69-70.
[25] Adams, *History*, I, 72.

but its probable divergence from older societies was also well defined. Already in 1817 the difference between Europe and America was decided. In politics the distinction was more evident than in social, religious, literary, or scientific directions; and the result was singular.[26]

"Probably no great people," he observes at one other point, "ever grew more rapidly and became more mature in so short a time."[27] The concluding paragraph leaves no doubt of Adams' meaning. Clearly he had answered a question. He seems to ask, "When is it possible to begin speaking of the American nation, of the American people as a unified force in world society? At what point was the inertia overcome and the acceleration begun?"

With the establishment of these conclusions, a new episode in American history began in 1815. New subjects demanded new treatment, no longer dramatic but steadily tending to become scientific. The traits of American character were fixed; the rate of physical and economical growth was established; and history, certain that at a given distance of time the Union would contain so many millions of people, with wealth valued at so many millions of dollars, became thenceforward chiefly concerned to know what kind of people these millions were to be.[28]

The phrase "the rate of physical and economical growth" implies that Adams is thinking of accelerated and not constant motion. Already, then, by 1885 Adams' dynamic theory of history with its Law of Acceleration can be seen emerging empirically from his investigations of the American Past. Already he is evidencing impatience with the "old style" or "dramatic" history, as he calls it above, and calling out for a scientific history and for historical laws. When he went on to formulate his Dynamic Theory, the year 1800 is a key year. Adams found a uniform rate of acceleration in the four centuries between 1400 and 1800.

[26] Adams, *History*, IX, 220.
[27] Adams, *History*, IX, 194.
[28] Adams, *History*, IX, 241.

Since 1800 scores of new forces had been discovered; old forces had been raised to higher powers, as could be measured in the navy-gun; great regions of chemistry had been opened up, and connected with other regions of physics. Within ten years a new universe of force had been revealed in radiation. Complexity had extended itself on immense horizons, and arithmetical ratios were useless for any attempt at accuracy. The force evolved seemed more like explosion than gravitation, and followed closely the curve of steam; but, at all events, the ten-year ratio seemed carefully conservative. Unless the calculator was prepared to be instantly overwhelmed by physical force and mental complexity, he must stop there.[29]

Or again:

The stupendous acceleration after 1800 ended in 1900 with the appearance of the new class of supersensual forces, before which the man of science stood at first as bewildered and helpless, as in the fourth century, a priest of Isis before the Cross of Christ.[30]

According to Adams, a dynamic law requires that two masses —nature and man—must go on, reacting on each other, without stop.[31] It would be interesting to know to what extent Adams' Dynamic Theory of nature grew out of his investigation of America in 1800.

McMaster comes to his much shorter account of American life in 1800 in quite a different way. He gives evidence in his chapter, entitled "Town and Country Life in 1800," of looking upon social history as a vacation from organization and analysis. His organization is clearly digressive or centrifugal and proceeds from contingency to contingency for close to forty-five pages without arriving anywhere. The previous chapter had ended with an account of public sentiment following Jefferson's inauguration and with mention of Republican charges of "pyrotechny" brought against the Federalists. From this germ idea the chapter of "social history" takes its begin-

[29] *The Education of Henry Adams*, 490-491.

[30] *The Education of Henry Adams*, 486-487.

[31] *The Education of Henry Adams*, 475.

ning. McMaster observes that similar charges were brought against the Republicans following the election of 1796 because of a series of fires that broke out in cities along the coast. This leads to a discussion of the primitive technique of the fire-bucket used in extinguishing fires. Fire-buckets suggest the establishment of fire insurance companies, which, in turn, lead to a description of the houses so insured. Discussion of the houses leads into an account of social activities in the home, which merges into a discussion of fashions of dress, particularly the prevalence of French fashions. Fashions in dress suggest fashions in tavern and theater decoration. Theater decoration leads into a discussion of the contemporary theater—players, plays, and finally theatrical morals. Theatrical morals serve as a springboard for discussion of other forms of entertainment and dissipation and finally public morals. This kind of lateral movement, once set up, dominates the organization of the chapter and continues until the very end.

So necessary does the transition from topic to topic become that any general statement, conclusion or analysis would upset the apple cart. Thus the discussion of entertainment touches off a discussion of the roads which those returning home from public festivals would travel. From roads in general follows a discussion of the Pennsylvania Turnpike and the political squabbles that preceded its construction. Here, finally, is a subject which both Adams and McMaster discuss and the difference in method is apparent. Adams' discussion leads him to generalizations about social inertia and the slow rate of acceleration to be observed in the American assault on Nature. McMaster's discussion leads him only to a description of Pennsylvania farms which a traveler might see from the turnpike. Only when he comes to a discussion of churches and church-going does he launch into an historical generalization that seems to express a central concern. In this case, the observed frequency of Sabbath-breaking leads him to conclude:

> Against this impiety, the impiety of the nineteenth century, the tithing man continued fighting stoutly to the last. He was the rear-

guard of New England Puritanism, covering it as it slowly retreated into the past.[32]

These departures, however, are rare and hastily concluded. (McMaster goes on to discuss deacons in the next sentence.) McMaster furthermore makes no effort to document his generalizations with any statistical evidence; let alone doubting, as Adams did, any moral statistics he might gather.

McMaster's treatment of the sources he did cite suggests a further contrast. He, first of all, makes no effort to divide his attention between the different regions of the country. His selection of periodicals indicates that he drew his examples chiefly from New England and the Middle States. McMaster, moreover, makes no effort to evaluate his sources for the reader and appears not to have done so for himself. Consequently, the ridicule of French fashions of dress, taken for the most part from Federalist sources, is accepted and enlarged upon with evident zest.[33]

Few contrasts, indeed, could be more marked than that between Adams and McMaster as social historians of the year 1800. McMaster, apparently, did not attempt to relate his account of everyday life to the body of his historical narrative. What he says by way of "social background" becomes at best an interesting but essentially unmeaningful digression; at worst, a bore. Adams' account, although imperfectly related to the political and diplomatic narrative, acts as its frame and becomes a necessary part of the question which the narrative too is concerned to answer.

This question, which drove Adams to trace American society from diversity to unity, from inertia to acceleration, is furthermore a relevant historical question, since it reflected his deep concern with what he conceived to be a central problem of his own time: the effect of science and technology on the development of American society. Such a question, in fact, anticipates in an interesting way the "New History" which

[32] McMaster, *History*, II, 567.

[33] McMaster, *History*, II, 544.

James Harvey Robinson was to call for in 1912. Robinson was to attack the position held by Ranke that history must present "what really happened." He was to demand a history—a "New History"—which would not be narrowly political and which would not seek to discover "what really happened" but rather "how things had come about." Such a history would interpret the Past in the light of contemporary problems.[34] In view of Adams' preoccupation in the bulk of his *History* with "such facts as seemed sure" and with old-style political and diplomatic narrative, it would be easy to overemphasize the kind of interpretation to be found in the opening and closing chapters. It is sufficiently in prominence, however, to place Adams astride a watershed in American historical writing, somewhere between the historicism of Ranke and the "functional" historicism of Robinson and the generation of historians that followed him.[35]

Both Adams and McMaster for the most part conceived of history here in rather narrow terms. Both, in the bulk of their work, seemed to accept with some qualification that "history is past politics." In the chapters of social history here examined, however, there is a significant difference. For McMaster did not so much answer an historical question as beg one. He seemed to feel that he was answering the imposing question: "What happened?," but the question he appears to have answered is notably different. It might read: "How would life in 1800 have appeared to a well-travelled Federalist of rather catholic interests living in Philadelphia and familiar with the Federalist press?" But even such an antiquarian question as this tends to flatter McMaster's method and imply patterns of organization where none in fact exist. While Henry Adams wrote with his angle of vision levelled across a past-becoming-the-present, it seems clear that McMaster wrote with his eyes nearsightedly glued to a Past fixed before him in his notes. As a result, he appears to have given little thought to a philosophy

[34] James Harvey Robinson, *The New History* (New York, 1922), 62.

[35] A lively analysis of historicism can be found in M. G. White, *Social Thought in America* (New York, 1949).

of history, and statements of his working assumptions have been left for others to make. Theodore Clarke Smith, for example, remarks with evident approval that McMaster "undertook the novel feat of trying to fuse the economic and the social with the political in the effort to create a new and more truly representative form of history. He wished it to suggest by its very lack of formal organization something of the onward sweep of happenings disparate in character."[36] It is evident, in this case at least, that McMaster did not "fuse" the social and the political. But even granting that he did, is it the function of history to provide us with more of the confusion and disorder that we perceive in the "onward sweep of happenings" of our own time? Is it not one of the functions of history to try to order such chaos? If this is so, it appears that Adams, fearing chaos above all, imposed "for a familiar moment" a relevant pattern on the Past, while McMaster only produced chaos by trying verbally to recreate "what really happened."

[36] Theodore Clarke Smith, *American Historical Review*, XL (1934), 440.

"IL PESCEBALLO": THE FISHBALL OPERETTA OF FRANCIS JAMES CHILD

M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

FOR two years in my twenties it was my happy lot to make a beginner's acquaintance with Shakespeare, Chaucer, Milton, and Bacon under the instruction of a great scholar and beloved human being, Francis James Child, Professor of English at Harvard. I did not then realize what a lofty place he held in the world of scholarship. When he died in 1896, his pupil and successor, Professor George Lyman Kittredge, described Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* as "one of the greatest monuments of learning ever erected by one man." How were his pupils to apprehend such greatness? They might better have understood what William James meant when he wrote, "I *loved* Child more than any man I know." Again he wrote of Child: "He had a moral delicacy and a richness of heart that I never saw and never expect to see equalled." And yet again: "I have often said that the best argument I knew for an immortal life was the existence of a man who deserved one as well as Child did." Such apprehensions lay beyond the range of undergraduate vision. His young disciples could, however, feel something truly individual and appealing in the personal quality of the little round man, "all finely circular," as Henry James defined him, more reverently than the youth of Harvard, in whose mouths the appellation of "Stubby" carried no hint of disrespect. One can still see him, trudging across the Yard, so short of stature that his bulging bag of books almost trailed on the ground; or, at closer range, with the thick, tightly-curled hair surmounting a wistful face, sad in repose but quickly lighted on occasion with sympathy and humor. Perhaps I did not then know how much I should owe to him through many later years for the fixing of standards of taste and values with respect to books and to life itself. I had him to thank, more tangibly, for a letter of introduction to Horace

E. Scudder, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, which led to my first editorial employment.

Some thirty years later I gained a fuller knowledge of Professor Child through preparing for limited publication *A Scholar's Letters to a Young Lady*, a collection which drew from Gamaliel Bradford the comment, "I do not know of any American letters that are superior to these, if any equal." President Eliot looked upon them with less favor. After their publication he expressed to me his objection to the spectacle of a professor living happily with his family and writing "in lover-like terms" to a young lady. When I ventured to suggest that this was hardly more than a sort of literary fooling, he retorted decisively, as I have reported elsewhere, "I do not like that kind of literary fooling."

Towards that other kind of fooling embodied in Child's Fishball operetta, President Eliot must have been more lenient—partly because a patriotic object was involved in it, and partly because his disapproval would have had to include a second Harvard professor, James Russell Lowell. Now Lowell and Child were the closest of friends, and the unpublished letters of Child to Lowell preserved in the Harvard College Library will bear witness, when they come to see the light, to Child's high place among the writers of letters of friendship. It was on quite another plane, the plane of frivolity, that the relationship of these scholar-friends may now be approached.

In correspondence with Lowell, Child revealed some of the more serious aspects of his nature. But the constant interplay of the gay and the grave was of his very essence. In the gravest of all times for him, that of the Civil War, he showed himself, in one characteristic instance, quite at his gayest; and in this instance his friend Lowell, whom he defined as "the raciest of American poets," was his partner in frivolity. The result of their coöperation may be seen today in a small pamphlet with the following words on its cover: Il Pesceballo | Opera | In Un Atto | Musica del Maestro Rossibelli—Donimozarti | Cambridge | Printed at the Riverside Press | 1862. On the left-

hand pages within appears the Italian libretto of an opera, and on the right, a translation of the text into what may be called "libretto-English verse." No trace of the authorship of either version is given, but Child is known to have written the Italian text and Lowell the English. The pamphlet is a rare collectors' item. From a variety of sources, the story behind it may be pieced together.

Child, an ardent patriot, would have taken up arms for his country had the condition of his eyes permitted him to enlist. A little volume, *War Songs for Freemen* (1862), bearing no name on its title page, was compiled by him, and was known to have been used by singing soldiers at the front. Before the war was over, "Il Pesceballo" (*anglice,* "The Fishball") was turned to substantial account for an appealing cause of war relief.

What then, precisely, was the Italianate Fishball? When the ballad of the Fishball was printed anonymously in the "Editor's Drawer" of *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* for July, 1855, it was prefaced with the following words: "The boys of Harvard University set the following pathetic ballad a-going, and it is now a popular song. It records the melancholy experience of one of the students." This final statement, as we shall see, was quite incorrect. No hint of the authorship of the ballad was vouchsafed. Variant readings were to be found in later printings, and whether as the "The *One*" or "The *Lone* Fishball," the song achieved a wide popularity. I remember well its vigorous singing by my older brothers twenty or thirty years after its first appearance. When Charles Eliot Norton provided the Caxton Club of Chicago, which reprinted *Il Pesceballo* in 1899, with what he described as "its genuine text," he gave it the title of "The Lay of the One Fishball." A *College Song Book,* compiled and arranged by C. Wistar Stevens, published in Boston in 1860, contains the song, in a slightly different and shorter version, in the section of the book devoted to Harvard songs. There it is entitled "A Lone Fishball | Founded on a Boston Fact." There was no indication of its authorship or of the origin of the tune to which it was sung. In fact the author

was one of the most eminent scholars of his day, George Martin Lane, Professor of Latin at Harvard College. Indeed both authorship and "Boston Fact" might well have passed together into oblivion had not *Il Pesceballo* become a subject of inquiry and record.

Probably the most authentic single account of the happening that occasioned the ballad is to be found in a memoir of Professor Lane contributed to *Harvard Studies in Classical Philology* by Professor Morris H. Morgan. "Many fables about the origin of the song," he wrote, "have been told, and one was even printed with the song itself, but I know from Professor Lane's own lips that it was based upon an adventure of his own. Arriving in Boston one day, after a journey, he found himself hungry and with only twenty-five cents in his pocket. Half that sum he had to reserve for his fare to Cambridge. With the rest he entered the restaurant 'with modest face,' and asked for a half portion of macaroni. What followed is described, doubtless with humorous exaggeration, in the ballad itself."

Let it be said in passing that the conjunction of Child and Lane in *Il Pesceballo* was not the first instance of their relation on the stage. While the Harvard Class of 1848 was still in college, the Hasty Pudding Club produced "Scenes from Martin Chuzzlewit," in which Lane appeared as General Choke and Child as Elijah Pogram. This was followed by "Sairy Gamp and Betsy Prig at Tea," in which Child, though with another "opposite" than Lane, appeared as Betsy Prig.

It has been suggested, though not convincingly, that the hero of the homely fishball story was not Professor Lane himself, but another distinguished academic figure, Lane's older colleague, Joseph Lovering, Hollis Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. Yet Lane's laurels for authorship of the ballad stand undisputed. The basis of the story it tells is suggested in Professor Morgan's testimony. For imaginative detail, "fishball" was substituted for "macaroni," one instead of the two usual specimens of this delicacy was requested, and when the request was extended to include a piece of bread,

"The waiter roared it through the hall
'We don't give bread with one fishball!' "

It was a simple little story, with that innocent humor of its time which accounted for its universal appeal.

It should be noted that in the book of College Songs to which reference has been made, a note beneath the words and music of "The Lone Fishball" begins, "An accident singularly parallel to this is told of a certain learned Professor in New York," and goes on to relate the tribulations of the Professor who might have got three buckwheat cakes at a certain restaurant for sixpence, but wanted five, for which he was willing to pay tenpence, but balked at twelve and a half cents for six. This was long before the salaries of professors were raised even to their present level.

Two early versions of the Fishball ballad have been mentioned—"the genuine text" provided by Norton, and the version printed in the *College Song Book* of 1860. Since the second is somewhat shorter, and, through its inclusion in the *Song Book*, presumably the version more generally sung, it is chosen for presentation in this place.

The Lone Fish-ball
Founded on Boston Fact.

There was a man went up and down
To seek a dinner through the town.

What wretch is he who wife forsakes
Who best of jam and waffles makes.

He feels his cash to know his pence
And finds he has but just six cents.

He finds at last a right cheap place
And enters in with modest face.

The bill of fare he searches through
To see what his six cents will do.

The cheapest viand of them all
Is "Twelve and a half cents for *two* Fish-ball."

The waiter he to him doth call
And gently whispers—"*one* Fish-ball."

The guest then says, quite ill at ease,
"A piece of bread, sir, if you please."

The waiter roars it through the hall
"We don't give bread with *one* Fish-ball."

MORAL

Who would have bread with his Fish-ball,
Must get it first, or not at all.

Who would Fish-ball with *fixins* eat,
Must get some friends to stand a treat.

Familiar thoughts and words may be followed through the ages on the falling tides of time. From the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," John Steinbeck obviously drew his *Grapes of Wrath*. Anecdotes of the present day have been shown forth as revivals from the time of Shakespeare, and back of him, to that of Aristophanes. Before the Fishball is lost in the mists of antiquity, it is amusing to note that, approximately ninety years after its origin as described above—and who shall say that Aristophanes or Plautus never told just such a story?—its theme, in the modernized rendering of "One Meat Ball," made a large contribution to the merriment of the 1940's. The story is precisely the same: a "little man" finds an "eating place," decides "what fifteen cents would do," and "calls for One Meat Ball." Then, like Professor Lane, he asks for some bread, and

The waiter's voice roared down the hall
"You gets no bread with One Meat Ball,"

a cry that goes on ringing in his dreams. This song, most effectively sung by the master-comedian, Jimmy Savo, to a tune and accompaniment vastly more sophisticated than the simple German folk-song melody of the old Fishball song, has the advantage over its prototype that it may still be heard, and posterity still may hear it, through an excellent phonograph record.[1] Thus, incidentally, the present may be linked with the past and the future.

[1] Decca, 23415 A.

Child must have known that his classmate, neighbor, and lifelong friend, Lane, wrote the original ballad. Among the Child letters in the Harvard College Library is one he wrote from Lenox in 1854 to his other classmate, friend and future kinsman by marriage, Charles Eliot Norton. In this letter he mentioned "an Italian opera which Miss Grace S.[2] and I have composed. . . . It is called 'Il Pesciaballo' [*sic*] and if you can make out the subject from the title you are at liberty to do so." From this preliminary word it may be deduced that when the time came for Child to offer something which could be turned into dollars and cents for the cause of the North he might have said to himself, as Robert Browning had recently said, "Here's a subject made to your hand." In May of 1862 *Il Pesceballo* had its first and second performance in the house of Miss Bessie Parsons, on Garden Street, Cambridge. Tickets were sold for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, forerunner of the Red Cross. Two years later, on May 10, 12, and 14, 1864, the opera was produced again, in Chickering's Hall, Boston, and the proceeds were given to the fund which Edward Everett was raising for the suffering Unionists of East Tennessee. Some twenty years later, in an unpublished letter, preserved in the Boston Athenæum, Child recalled the amount raised as fifteen hundred dollars. The lapse of time caused him to place the performance in Horticultural instead of Chickering's Hall, and Edward Everett's own accounting for the contribution contained this item under May 28: "Net proceeds for a musical entertainment at Chickering's Hall, the use of which was given by the Messrs. C.'s gratuitously, $1163.00." This figure was the largest of the many aggregating a total collection of $102,180.08.

So much for the dryer bones of this story. The little opera itself was anything but dry. Its Italian text written by Child—who said in the Athenæum letter already mentioned, "I should not like to have the Italian scanned closely by a native"—was an elaboration, in true operatic manner, of Lane's fishball ballad. The story is unfolded in eleven scenes, outside and in-

[2] Grace Sedgwick, later Mrs. Charles Astor Baristed.

side an inn at Padua. A landlady, a waiter, a stranger, a chorus of beer-drinking students are the singers. For the Boston performances, two minor characters, male and female, were added. The waiter cherishes a hopeless love for the landlady, whose craving for affection he does not satisfy. The stranger appears, out of pocket, and orders the one fishball, exposing his poverty and incurring the scorn of all present—excepting the landlady. On learning the stranger's plight she feels sure he is the noble creature to whom, according to a gypsy's prediction, she was to give her heart. Then enters a messenger seeking the lost Count of Carrara. The stranger fails to meet all tests of recognition, such as wearing a locket with the family crest, but what of that? He is acclaimed the missing count, and the landlady invites him and everybody else to sit down and eat and drink away to their hearts' content. Hasty Pudding and *buffo* were well mixed.

From the waiter's recitation of the bill of fare, this passage and Lowell's translation of it, not unrelated to the vein of the *Biglow Papers*, may be taken as typical of the whole:

Ma il migliore, ognuno sallo,
È il famoso pesceballo!
Delizioso un tal piatto
Vien soltanto da noi fatto
Come il fan gli Americani,
Il segreto è in nostre mani:—

And thus Lowell, touching "il famoso pesceballo," in a translation of racy freedom:

We have 'em all the fashion;
Come to try 'em as we fry 'em,—
Presto! liking turns to passion.
There we carry off the banner,
'Taint so easy, neither, that ain't,—
But, you see, we've got a patent,—
Do 'em in the Cape Cod manner.

These specimen lines can hardly be said to represent the Lowell of the *Biglow Papers* at his best. It is a curious fact,

pointed out by Child's son-in-law, Gilbert C. Scoggin, in *The Nation* of October 18, 1917, that until 1896, when the little Boston journal, *Time and the Hour*, ascribed the authorship of the English libretto to Lowell, his name had never been seen in print, at least by Mr. Scoggin, in connection with it. In a letter to *The Nation* he even intimated that Child himself had written both the English and the Italian texts. Professor Kittredge then declared, through the same medium, that Child, in giving him a copy of the pamphlet, had told him definitely that Lowell made the translation, and Mr. Scoggin, in a second letter to *The Nation*, accepted this as conclusive. Norton's introduction to the Caxton Club edition of the opera clinched the matter beyond question. So does a letter from Child to Eugene Field, now to be found in the Harvard College Library, together with a copy of *Il Pesceballo* given by Child to Eugene Field in 1892. Thus wrote Child:

> I meant to send you—but the world interfered—one of two [or *the?*] remaining copies of an operetta which was performed in Boston in war-time for the benefit of the people of East Tennessee. We made a nice little gift from the proceeds thanks to very good singers. As to the libretto, it may perhaps be said that "what is not worth saying people sing." I did the Italian and J. Lowell made the English version for me. The Italian is good enough for English people, but I would not warrant its felicity for natives. No matter: the whole thing is forgotten, and we had much fun and got the money. You may like the tract as bibliographical trash.

The strange fact remains that in all the abundant publication of Lowell's correspondence and in contemporary writings about him, this collaboration of his with Child seems never to have been mentioned. There was no such reticence with respect to Child, Lowell, and his last-minute writing of the "Commemoration Ode," for which he sought counsel of Child, and instantly won his warm-hearted approval of the poem. In that instance, the two close friends had nothing to conceal. Could they point with any particular pride also to the English libretto of *Il Pesceballo*? A suspicion that each may have

felt that he could not is confirmed by a passage in one of the Child letters in the Harvard College Library. He was writing to his wife then (January 21, 1862) absent from Cambridge, and said, "I read the family– [was it not the Norton family, of which one member was named?]–Lowell's translation of the opera. A dead failure. Not a word of praise could they get up, –not one of them, and I was consoled by their conscienciousness for the possible lack of appreciation. When all was finished Grace said 'that is only the first act I suppose.' Wasn't that good?" As one reads the verses in this later time it is easy to see that the fun of their slap-dash foolery might easily have been lost on a critical Cambridge family circle that heard them rendered without music. I venture to believe that they give considerable pleasure to the audiences of *Il Pesceballo*.

There was one Italian passage, an explanatory note, on the first page of the pamphlet which neither friend undertook to translate. It bore the earmarks of a scholarly annotation by Child embodying the citation of an imaginary authority, and, given as it stands, would justify itself to the eye of any reader with an elementary knowledge of Romance languages. It may be more generally acceptable in translation.

> Il Pesceballo (corruption of the English word Fish-ball) is a product of the American kitchen, consisting of a combination of stockfish with potato made in the form of a ball, like our meat-cake, and then fried. Msgr. Bedini, in his JOURNEY TO THE UNITED STATES, tells that the aforesaid dish is used especially in New England where, according to our venerable author, it is eaten especially at the Sunday breakfast.

The "Pesceballo" pamphlet appears to have had three printings, only the third of which bore a date, 1862, and the cover with the descriptive text translated above. They have been studied, with bibliographic attention to successive changes, even in commas. Some of the corrections are doubtless among those made by Child in his own copy of the pamphlet preserved in the Harvard College Library.

His knowledge of the Italian language is easier to under-

stand than that familiarity with Italian opera which enabled him to choose the arias to which he fitted his Italian text. His two years in Europe, though at German universities, early in his academic life must have fed his love, and enlarged his knowledge, of music. The Boston offerings of opera were slender and sporadic in his earlier day. Yet he could draw for his melodies upon *Moses in Egypt, The Barber of Seville, The Magic Flute, Lucrezia Borgia, Don Giovanni, Norma, Lucia,* and *La Favorita.* Thus he was justified in calling the composer of *Il Pesceballo,* Maestro Rossibelli-Donimozarti.

He amused himself in like fashion with the names of his performers. When the opera was presented at Chickering's Hall in Boston, with La Serva and Il Corriere added to the original cast, the characters were listed as follows:

La Padrona	Signora Fiorrancio
La Serva	Signora Lavaletta
Il Straniero	Signor Lungoprato
Il Cameriere	Signor Sottobosco
Il Corriere	Signor Silesiano

Precisely why did the Signoras and Signors of the little troupe receive the impressive names bestowed upon them? Take, for rewarding example, the three characters in the original Cambridge production. From annotated copies of the Chickering's Hall programme, one may identify La Padrona as Mrs. Benjamin Apthorp Gould, Mary Quincy before she became Mary Gould, translated *Fiorrancio,* the Italian word for Marigold. Signor *Lungoprato,* for Long Meadow, was hardly so happy a rendering of the surname of Samuel W. Langmaid, the delightful tenor destined to achieve high distinction in his medical practice as the throat specialist to whom the most famous singers and actors resorted for treatment when they came to Boston. *Sottobosco* was more obviously apt for Underwood, basso of the cast—the Francis H. Underwood, to whom the origin of the *Atlantic Monthly* is clearly traceable, assistant to Lowell through his editorship which ended in 1861, and himself defined by Bliss Perry as "the Editor who was nev-

er the Editor." Hardly less happy were the Italian renderings of Samuel Tuckerman, leader of the chorus, as Signor Toccamano, of J. C. D. Parker, conductor and leader of the chorus —well known in later years as organist and composer—as Signor Parchero, with Sig. Gugligalli (Wilcox) as his assistant.

In the letter files of the Harvard Library, Child is found writing to Underwood urging him to produce a few promising singers for the chorus. One letter begins, "Caro Signor Sottobosco"; another ends, "Yours ever fishbally, F. J. Child." In still another to Mrs. Child, written April 2, 1862, before the first performance of *Il Pesceballo*, the author-impresario showed himself capable of satisfaction and amused irritation. "We had a full rehearsal of the opera last night and it went off better than I expected. Mary Q. sang beautifully. The chorus though but 5 was excellent and they made noise enough. We were somewhat annoyed by the whole family being present at the rehearsal. It was a trial to the singers being the first rehearsal. Mr. and Mrs. Quincy, Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Quincy, Mr. Gould, Miss Quincy were all present. (I must tell you that when Curtis was asked how many Jo Quincys there are said—1st there's Jo Quincy, then there's Jo sire—then Jo grandsire—and finally Jo greatgrandsire). Mrs. Quincy Gould has grown fat enough to be a prima donna—very stout."

In palliation of the excessive representation of the prima donna's family at this rehearsal, it should be said that only a day earlier Child had written to his wife, "There is to be this evening at Mrs. Quincy's in Boston a general rehearsal of the opera, chorus, solos and all and I am to go in and act as manager. Mr. Underwood our ponderous basso has dropped the heavy oratorio style and taken to frisking. . . . They say we can sell as many tickets as we wish." The stage, he went on to say, will "be extremely simple, not raised and next to no scenery."

Such were the early steps towards the culmination of the "Pesceballo" enterprise at the final Boston performance on May 14, 1864. The fame of it lies in broad rumor rather than in specific record of the response of audiences to the opera.

The echoes of applause could be heard vaguely through many succeeding years, and of course every participant in it has vanished long ago. The public prints—perhaps because, then as now, performances for charity have not challenged the attention of professional critics—have been searched in vain for either an advertisement or a review of *Il Pesceballo*. It may well be that performances of German opera at the Boston Theatre and of Shakespearean and other parts by J. Wilkes Booth at the Boston Museum in the same week of May with the Fishball operetta engaged the greater public attention. As yet there is no eye of radar to pierce the unpublished correspondence of earlier years. From that source it is possible that something may still be learned—something amusing if not of world-shaking importance.

What one would like especially to see disclosed centers in the figures of Child and Lowell. Were there possibly curtain-calls for one or both of the collaborators—the shaven, curly-pated, sweetly smiling Child, the hirsute, more sophisticated-looking Lowell, taller, though not himself of commanding stature? One can hardly imagine these friends bowing and grimacing to an enthusiastic audience. One can imagine them together when the tumult and the shouting were over—if anything so indecorous can be contemplated—happy to have employed their combined powers in the interest of a beloved cause, happy, too, in the fun they had taken in their labor, and had given to many others, especially in a time of grimness when fun was all too rare a commodity. To the names of Child and Lowell add that of the learned Lane, and the whole fishball story illustrates the enduring truth that

> A little nonsense now and then
> Is relished by the wisest men.

For this bit of Civil-War-time fooling Child and Lowell, had they not so antedated another beloved Harvard professor, LeBaron Russell Briggs, might well have taken as their motto what he contrived for some fooling of his own:

Dulce et decorum est desipere in loco.

THE IDEAS OF LYSANDER SPOONER

A. JOHN ALEXANDER

THEORETICAL anarchism has never struck deep root in American soil. Flowering briefly in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, it was killed by World War I.[1] With the continuing development of Statism and the reliance of both the "right" and the "left" on state power and state action to further their ends, the anarchist finds himself whistling in the dark, musing in vain about an impossible social reorganization. Large-scale industrialism, which at first was responsible for the rise of modern anarchism, has finally killed it off irrevocably. Thoreau rebelled against the necessity of throwing away ten or more hours of his daily life merely to live, and withdrew to Walden. It was a futile withdrawal, satisfactory for him as an individual, but hardly possible as a way of life for the vast majority. For, like it or not, he depended for his modest existence upon the products of a complex industrial society—the society which he so vehemently rejected. The little group of theoretical anarchists pamphleteering in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries were the last gasp of a political and economic romanticism, crying Canute-like against the mounting tide until engulfed by the inevitable.

Lysander Spooner was one of the few Americans who engaged in this minor movement of protest. Not well known outside of anarchist and radical circles, he has left only slight impress upon the nation as a whole. Little is known about his life. We must rely chiefly on obituary notices for our information.[2] As for his works, the collections of the Library of Congress, the New York Public Library, and the Boston Public Library are fragmentary.[3] We do not know what kind of person he was,

[1] Cf. Eunice M. Schuster, *Native American Anarchism: A Study of Left-wing American Individualism* (Northampton, Mass., 1932).

[2] The *Dictionary of American Biography* article is based on newspaper obituaries (XVII, 466-467) and the *National Cyclopedia of American Biography* article (XVIII, 419) apparently relied on the same sources. Unless otherwise noted, material on the life of Spooner used here was based on those two articles.

[3] Cf. Union Catalog listings in the Library of Congress.

what his home life was like, why he developed a rebellious streak, what books he read, or even who his friends—with one or two exceptions—were.

Of his life we have merely a bare outline. He was born January 19, 1808, at Athol, Massachusetts, descending from a William Spooner who was in Plymouth, Massachusetts, as early as 1637. Lysander was raised on a farm, remaining on it until he was twenty-five, when he went to Worcester, Massachusetts, to read law in the offices of John Davis and Charles Allen, successively. Upon completing two years' study, he applied for admission to the bar, but was refused, since the state required three years' reading. Lysander ignored this requirement, opened a law office, and defiantly began practice. He turned out a pamphlet defending his action in 1835. The following year (not necessarily as a consequence of Spooner's protest) the requirement was repealed.

In 1836 Spooner moved to Ohio, living in Toledo, Perrysburg, and Columbus until 1843. He bought land at the head of Maumee River rapids. When a state improvement program involved drainage of the river, he sued the state for damages, but lost the case in 1838. He returned east in 1844, at a time when there was a good deal of agitation in the country against excessive postal rates. The federal government was widely criticized; several private mail companies had been formed. Lysander Spooner joined the protest, organizing the American Letter Mail Company, with offices in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Washington, D. C. His company carried for five cents mail for which the federal government charged between 12½ cents and 25 cents. Company agents, carrying brief cases or large handbags, traveled as passengers on railroads and steamboats, transporting the letters between various points.

Apparently prospering, the company soon faced extensive prosecution by the government. One of its agents, arrested as he boarded a train at Baltimore, was tried and convicted of infringement of a federal monopoly. Continual government prosecution forced Lysander to abandon his project, but not

until he had issued a pamphlet in protest. The following March (1845) Congress passed an act reducing postage.[4]

Spooner continued to practice law, probably in Boston for the most part. He became an active abolitionist. He never married and was something of a recluse. He wrote numerous pamphlets on American government and politics. His book on the unconstitutionality of slavery (1845) was officially accepted by the Liberty Party in 1849; it was highly thought of by Gerrit Smith. Spooner himself, however, never was a member of the party. Of his activities in anarchist circles we know nothing. When he died, May 14, 1887, Lysander Spooner Memorial Services were held at Wells Memorial Hall in Boston on Sunday, May 29, 1887, at which his friend and follower, Benjamin R. Tucker, offered a number of "Spooner Memorial Resolutions." Tucker praised Spooner as a "man of intellect, a man of heart, and a man of will." He was a man of simple life and "beaming majesty of countenance which, combined with the venerable aspect of his later years, gave him the appearance, as he walked our busy streets, of some patriarch or philosopher of old, and made him a personage delightful to meet and beautiful to look upon."[5]

Why Lysander Spooner was susceptible to radical and nonconformist ideas we do not know, but an examination of his writings—books, pamphlets, and magazine articles—reveals the fact that he was always against the *status quo*, always on the side of the attackers and revolutionaries. One of his earliest ventures into print was an essay attacking revealed religion, issued in 1836 when he was twenty-eight years old.[6] Entitling his brochure *The Deist's Reply to the Alleged Supernatural Evidences of Christianity*, he asserted that if men were to read the New Testament as they do any other book, "they would be disgusted with the credulity, and the want of intellect, reason

[4] John B. McMaster, *History of the People of the United States* (New York, 1910), VII, 114-118, deals with Spooner and the American Letter Mail Co.

[5] Benjamin R. Tucker, *Instead of a Book . . .* (New York, 1893), 492-493.

[6] Lysander Spooner, *The Deist's Reply to the Alleged Supernatural Evidences of Christianity* (Boston, 1836).

and judgment, that is apparent in it."[7] The causes of the spread of Christianity, he insisted, were natural, *e.g.*, effective preachers, the stupidity of the converts, the fanatical faith of the preachers; its rapid spread was no argument for its supernatural quality.[8] Jesus was a human being; he looked and acted like a man and was born of woman. Moreover, Jesus was a charlatan, who resorted to evasion when challenged to perform the miracles he was reputed to have performed. He was secretive, afraid, a notorious coward. When crucified, he behaved like a weakling, like a very human being.[9]

Spooner doubted the miracles, stating that they were largely the product of "imagination" in sick persons. He cited numerous modern examples of mistaken beliefs and pointed to the "miraculous" nature of Mesmer's cures, which were all merely the result of "imagination."[10] The Resurrection, the greatest of the miracles, he did not believe in at all, presuming that Jesus did not actually die on the cross. Many such cases, he said, were known. Jesus was not dead when his side was pierced, since the blood flowed freely. In this investigation, Spooner's general rule of evidence was that "any thing, which is *naturally* possible, is in the highest degree probable, in comparison with an event, that is *naturally* impossible."[11] His pamphlet was a logical and realistic application of legal theories of evidence to the cases at hand. His careful and critical examination, much in the spirit of the Higher Criticism, led to inevitable and inexorable conclusions. How could it be otherwise, when, in testing the propositions, he had thrown out *a priori* the supernatural as an admissible cause?

Spooner's argument in defense of the American Letter Mail Company, which he published in 1844, was of a different order.[12] It was a legal argument by a lawyer—the cobbler at his

[7] Spooner, *The Deist's Reply . . .*, 2-3.

[8] Spooner, *The Deist's Reply . . .*, 1-6, and *passim*.

[9] Spooner, *The Deist's Reply . . .*, 8-15.

[10] Spooner, *The Deist's Reply . . .*, 23-24.

[11] Spooner, *The Deist's Reply . . .*, 24-56. The quotation is on p. 51.

[12] Lysander Spooner, *The Unconstitutionality of the Laws of Congress Prohibiting Private Mails* (New York, 1844).

last. Spooner argued that the Constitution did not specifically prohibit private mails, since a grant of the power to the federal government did not carry with it a prohibition of concurrent powers and rights.[13] Before developing this legal argument, he interjected an appeal to "natural rights"; it was a "natural right" of men to labor for one another for hire and the government had no right to prohibit such labor.[14] Spooner was to refer to such "natural rights" frequently in his later writings as the principal basis of his argument. Returning to the purely legal argument, he pointed out that whereas the Articles of Confederation had given the government "sole and exclusive" right to establish post offices, these words were dropped in making the grant in the Constitution. Carrying mail was not a prerogative of sovereignty: "*Our governments have no prerogatives of sovereignty*, except such as are granted to them by our constitution."[15]

Spooner was perhaps best known in his day for his argument on the unconstitutionality of slavery.[16] This argument was first published in 1845 and went through several editions. It was read by numerous abolitionists, among them William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, both of whom rejected it, although they regarded the argument as "ingenious."[17] The volume was adopted by the Liberty Party in 1849 as "a perfectly conclusive legal argument against the constitutionality of slavery."[18] Eunice Schuster, a student of American anarchism, considered the tract "a masterful, brilliant analysis" of the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence, and of natural

[13] Spooner, *The Unconstitutionality of the Laws . . .*, 5.

[14] Spooner, *The Unconstitutionality of the Laws . . .*, 7.

[15] Spooner, *The Unconstitutionality of the Laws . . .*, 13. It is interesting to note that at this time Spooner admitted that governments had certain prerogatives of sovereignty, among them taxation and maintenance of a military establishment.

[16] Lysander Spooner, *The Unconstitutionality of Slavery* (Boston, 1856). This edition includes parts I and II.

[17] Testimonials printed inside the front and back covers and on the back cover of *The Unconstitutionality of Slavery*.

[18] Schuster, *Native American Anarchism*, 145.

law.[19] Richard Hildreth found the work one of "great ability and great learning."[20] Was it?

Spooner began his argument on the unconstitutionality of slavery with the query, "What is law?" Law was, he answered, "that *natural,* permanent, unalterable principle, which governs any particular thing or class of things."[21] The *"natural,* universal, impartial and inflexible principle, which under all circumstances, *necessarily* fixes, determines, defines, and governs the civil rights of men" was "simply *the rule, principle, obligation or requirement of natural justice."*[22] Any so-called laws which were contrary to natural justice had no validity. That is, *"constitutional law, under any form of government, consists only of those principles of the written constitution, that are consistent with natural law, and men's natural rights."*[23] This thesis was sustained by quotations from various legal writers, ranging from Justinian to Blackstone, and, despite Spooner's disavowal, was the principle which underlay his whole argument.

Spooner then proceeded to prove that slavery was never legally accepted or defined or included in any written Constitution in the United States, even admitting, for argument's sake, that there might be valid laws contrary to natural law.[24] Although the colonial charters, which he examined in detail, contained references to slaves and the slave trade, none gave direct legal sanction to the institution. Colonial legislation which did define slavery was void, he maintained, for in every instance the definition was too ambiguous to be binding![25] Slavery could only be legalized "by positive legislation. Natural law gives it no aid. Custom imparts to it no legal sanc-

[19] Schuster, *Native American Anarchism,* 145.

[20] Spooner, *The Unconstitutionality of Slavery,* inside front cover.

[21] Spooner, *The Unconstitutionality of Slavery,* 5.

[22] Spooner, *The Unconstitutionality of Slavery,* 6.

[23] Spooner, *The Unconstitutionality of Slavery,* 14.

[24] Spooner, *The Unconstitutionality of Slavery,* 15-20 and *passim.*

[25] Spooner, *The Unconstitutionality of Slavery,* 25 ff.

tion."[26] Thus, though he denied doing so, he was actually making use of his principle of natural law, and was also enunciating the strange doctrine that long custom did not make an act legal. What then was the common law?

The same pattern was followed in his study of the federal Constitution. Ruling that "no *extraneous or historical evidence* shall be admitted to fix upon a statute an unjust or immoral meaning, when the words themselves of the act are susceptible of an innocent one,"[27] Spooner had no difficulty in proving that slavery was not mentioned in the Constitution. The phrases "free persons" and "all other persons" referred respectively to citizens and aliens.[28] This, then, was his "ingenious," brilliant, "conclusive" argument: slavery was unconstitutional because it was contrary to natural law and natural justice. Historical *fact* was irrelevant!

Wendell Phillips replied to the Spooner argument in 1847, heading his analysis with a quotation from Gouverneur Morris: "Domestic slavery is the most prominent feature in the aristocratic countenance of the proposed constitution."[29] Phillips considered Spooner's reasoning "absurd and self-contradictory . . . subversive of all sound principles of Government and of public faith."[30] Citing numerous court decisions, acts, and statements to prove that slavery was known, accepted, and legal, Phillips demolished the Spooner argument in short order.

Spooner replied with a *Part Second* (1847), rehashing, but in greater detail, his previous argument, and reaffirming *"that the language of statutes and constitutions shall be construed, as nearly as possible, consistently with natural law."*[31] In addition to demonstrating his argument, Spooner provided abolitionists with gratuitous advice. He had shown, he cockily as-

[26] Spooner, *The Unconstitutionality of Slavery*, 32.

[27] Spooner, *The Unconstitutionality of Slavery*, 62.

[28] Spooner, *The Unconstitutionality of Slavery*, 131-132.

[29] Wendell Phillips, *Review of Lysander Spooner's Essay on the Unconstitutionality of Slavery . . .* (Boston, 1847), 3.

[30] Phillips, *Review of Lysander Spooner's Essay . . .*, 4.

[31] Spooner, *The Unconstitutionality of Slavery*, 137. See footnote 18, above.

serted, that slavery was a great fraud, with no sanction in the Constitution. Once the North got control of the national legislature and the national judiciary, slavery would be abolished. Thus, ". . . the only labor the abolitionists really have to perform, is to spread the truth in regard to the constitution."[32] Some "timid" persons might fear that if this question were pressed to a decision, and that if the decision should be against slavery, the result would be a dissolution of the Union. "But this is an ignorant and ridiculous fear," he reassured them. "It is idle to suppose that the non-slave-holders of the South are going to sacrifice the Union for the sake of slavery."[33]

Of somewhat more merit than his circular reasoning on slavery was his concern with the nature and significance of natural law. A rather lengthy footnote went into the matter in some detail.[34] The objection often made that "natural law" was obscure was wholly unfounded, he said. Like any other "science," it had to be learned, but it was "very easily" learned. Although "illimitable" in its applications, natural law was made up of simple, elementary principles of "truth and justice," of which "every ordinary mind has an almost intuitive perception." This "science of justice" was based on the premise that almost all men have the same perception of what constitutes justice; it was sensed by children as well as by adults. If governments would but adhere to natural law, there would be no problem of the ignorance of the law, for popular ignorance of the law was due to "innovations" made upon natural law by false legislation. The "whole object" of legislation was to overturn natural law and to substitute for it the arbitrary will of power. Forty years later, in 1886, Spooner was still asserting that justice was an "immutable, natural principle," and a "subject of science."[35]

[32] Spooner, *The Unconstitutionality of Slavery*, 292.

[33] Spooner, *The Unconstitutionality of Slavery*, 293-295.

[34] Spooner, *The Unconstitutionality of Slavery*, 140-142, footnote. All quotations in the paragraph are from that extended footnote.

[35] Lysander Spooner, *A Letter to Grover Cleveland on his False Inaugural Address, the Usurpation and Crimes of Lawmakers and Judges, and the Consequent Poverty, Ignorance, and Servitude of the People* (Boston, 1886), 3.

Although Spooner's argument on the unconstitutionality of slavery had no legal foot to stand on, his concept of natural law contained the germs of an anarchistic theory of government. Having asserted that laws passed by legislatures were generally contrary to natural law and hence oppressive, he carried his theorizing one step further in his analysis, on what he maintained were historical principles, of the nature of the jury system, finding in the true jury the natural defense against legislative tyranny.[36] The historical validity of his concepts may be open to question, but his definition of the rôle of a jury is suggestive and not so outlandish as it might at first seem.

Spooner approached the problem of trial by jury with a general observation on the nature of free government. A free government, he explained, rests on the voluntary contract of the people, individually, with one another. Any group may form a government at any time. "All legitimate government is a mutual insurance company, voluntarily agreed upon by the parties to it, for the protection of their rights against wrongdoers."[37] A majority has no right to rule a minority, for majority rule is merely rule by force, the stronger (more numerous) group oppressing the weaker (less numerous). The only legitimate reason for a government is the protection of the weak from the strong, not the establishment of the right of the strong against the weak.[38] Within a system of free government (and only a free government is legitimate), trial by jury is the "palladium" of liberty.

Trial by jury is really trial by "the country," and not trial by the government. Jurors are to be selected by lot, from the people at large, thus being representative of the "country" or the people, and not the "government." Trial by jury is equivalent to trial by the people. Conviction requires unanimity. The jury must decide not only on the evidence placed before

[36] Lysander Spooner, *Free Political Institutions* (Boston, 1890), edited by Victor Yarros. This work is an abridgement of Spooner's *Trial by Jury* (1852) which was not available in the Library of Congress.

[37] Spooner, *Free Political Institutions*, 6.

[38] Spooner, *Free Political Institutions*, 12.

it, but also upon the *justice* of the law under which the accused is being tried. This was the crux of Spooner's argument: if the jury can invalidate, by ignoring them, laws which are contrary to natural justice, the people cannot easily be oppressed by the government. "The trial by jury, then, gives to any and every individual the liberty, at any time, to disregard or resist any law whatever of the government, if he be willing to submit to the decision of a jury. . . ."[39] That was the pristine nature and purpose of the jury, as defined by the Magna Charta; its original purpose has been perverted and there are today "no legal juries," either in England or America. "There has, probably, never been a legal jury, nor a legal trial by jury, in a single court of the United States since the adoption of the constitution."[40]

Adoption of a true jury system would abolish class legislation, nearly all the political corruption, and all the objectionable regulations which make this "free" country free in name only.[41] Among the results which Spooner foresaw were: (1) free administration of justice, (2) repudiation of the doctrine that ignorance of the law is no excuse, (3) limitation of the power of the majority, (4) abolition of all monopolies, all special privilege, all sumptuary laws, all restraints upon the freedom of contract, and (5) the establishment of common-law taxation, no individual being forced to pay a tax which he had not consented to pay.[42]

Spooner had applied this theory of the jury to the fugitive slave laws in 1850, arguing that the laws were unconstitutional and that they ought to be disobeyed and resisted; that juries should have the right to judge the justice of the resistance, thereby invalidating the fugitive slave laws.[43] A similar argument was made by him in a pamphlet on the illegality of the

[39] Spooner, *Free Political Institutions*, 21.

[40] Spooner, *Free Political Institutions*, 47.

[41] Victor Yarros, "The Palladium of Liberty," *The Arena*, XII, 209 (April, 1895).

[42] Yarros, "The Palladium of Liberty," 214-217.

[43] Lysander Spooner, *A Defense for Fugitive Slaves* (Boston, 1850).

trial of Professor John W. Webster, indicted for the murder of a Harvard colleague, Dr. George Parkman.[44] Spooner argued that the trial was illegal, since persons opposing capital punishment were excluded from the panel. Since a jury had the right to judge the law and the punishment, it was manifestly unfair and unjust to exclude those who differed with the punishment imposed by law.[45]

Spooner's ideas on the nature of jury trial are provocative. In effect, he would substitute a jury of twelve people chosen by lot for the Supreme Court, with the right and duty to determine whether legislation was constitutional (or "naturally just"). It is doubtful if class-legislation could survive such a check. It seems doubtful that during prohibition a rumrunner would have been convicted under such a jury system; nor would the present tax on oleomargarine be sustained. In a very real sense, legislation would be directly responsive to the popular will. Since the popular will in different areas might conceivably not be identical, such a jury system would result in various interpretations of the same law. Since juries would not be bound by precedents as are courts, legal diversity would be rampant. But, is national legal conformity such a desirable thing? Whatever the merits of the idea, it is, of course, highly improbable that the legal system would ever be so radically changed.

In his interpretations of constitutional law, Lysander was inclined to reason from his assumptions around a circle back to his assumptions. In his analysis of the jury system, he applied his concept of natural law to the judicial system and devised a system of maintaining the widest possible freedom of the individual, as provided by natural law and natural justice. In his thinking on economics, Spooner tried to provide for an economic system also consonant with natural law and individualism, a system providing for the greatest possible amount of *laissez-faire*. Although he never produced a systematic treatise

[44] Lysander Spooner, *Illegality of the Trial of John W. Webster* (Boston, 1850).

[45] Webster was, however, executed.

on economics, we can extract the general form of his ideas from his writings on poverty and currency reform.

Poverty, according to Lysander, resulted from a violation of the principles of "natural law."[46] Among such violations were the laws regulating banking and interest rates, extending the debt liability of individuals and laws limiting the liabilities of corporations. These laws violated the following true, natural, economic principles: (1) every man was entitled to the fruits of his own labor, (2) all men had the right to be their own employers, (3) every man was entitled to have capital for his labor to work on, (4) every man was entitled to obtain capital on credit, (5) capital should be available at the lowest possible rate of interest, through a system of "free banking," (6) all credit should be based upon what a man had, not upon what he had not; *e.g.*, liens on future earnings were unjust, and (7) all debts must be settled when due, at a loss to the creditor if necessary.[47]

Under these principles, a poor man would get credit without having to mortgage his future, and great social and moral improvements would follow. Caste would disappear. There would be more honesty, greater sympathy, more temperance, an end to gambling and lewdness, the promotion of chastity and early marriage, intellectual independence, a wider diffusion of knowledge, universal education, and the "intellect of society would be much better directed, . . . to the service and improvement of man, as man."[48]

The system of "free banking," to which Spooner referred, he explained in greater length in other publications. All men had a "natural, inherent, inalienable" right to enter contracts and an obligation to fulfill just contracts.[49] Banking laws and laws against the issuance of private currencies restricted these rights

[46] Lysander Spooner, *Poverty: Its Illegal Causes and Legal Cure. Part I* (Boston, 1846), 5.

[47] Spooner, *Poverty . . .*, 7-18.

[48] Spooner, *Poverty . . .*, 45-64.

[49] Lysander Spooner, *Constitutional Law, Relative to Credit, Currency, and Banking* (Worcester, Mass., 1843), 4, 6.

and were contrary to natural law. Each individual possessing capital ought to have the free right to issue promissory notes to the amount of capital he owned, and charge whatever interest he wanted. Competition would keep the rate down; the great amount of capital in the United States would provide an adequate amount of currency. Currency would thus represent an invested dollar, not specie. Such a free banking system would flood the country with currency and in some mysterious fashion drive out the banking monopolists and end poverty.[50]

The American Civil War, which Spooner predicted would not happen, drew from him a number of pamphlets under the covering title of *No Treason*.[51] In these pamphlets, of which only three seem to be available in libraries,[52] he recapitulated his ideas of natural law and absolute freedom, and then for the first time attempted to deal with the problem he had so completely ignored: why, if natural law were so obvious, if justice were so evident, was there so much injustice and error in the world. Why, if all men knew what was right, natural, and just, were right, nature, and justice flaunted? The more important matter, of what assurance we had, in view of the bad record of the past, that a return to natural law would necessarily prevent the recurrence of injustice he never faced and never answered.

No Treason related Spooner's ideas to the recently fought Civil War. The Civil War, he averred, had been fought not to free the slaves, but rather to force men "to submit to and sup-

[50] Some of Spooner's economic thinking was quite absurd. See his essay, "The Law of Prices: A Demonstration of the Necessity for an Indefinite Increase of Money," *The Radical Review*, I, 326-337 (August, 1877), also his articles "Our Financiers: Their Ignorance, Usurpations, and Frauds," *The Radical Review*, I, 141-157 (May, 1887), and "Gold and Silver as Standards of Value: the Flagrant Cheat in Regard to Them," *The Radical Review*, I, 151-157 (February, 1878). The "law of prices" was effectively demolished by Edward Stanwood in his "Mr. Spooner's Island Community," *The Radical Review*, I, 578-581 (November, 1877).

[51] Lysander Spooner, *No Treason* (Boston, 1867), Nos. 1 and 2. For No. 6, see Willard Thorp, *et al.*, *American Issues: The Social Record*, I, 569-574 (New York, 1944).

[52] Only numbers 1, 2, and 6 are listed in the Union Catalog in the Library of Congress.

port, a government that they do not want."[53] All resistance to this oppression had falsely been called treason. For, though we claim in the United States that government rests on the consent of the governed, the Civil War proved that it rests on force. A government resting on consent should require not the consent of the strongest, which is tyranny, nor the consent of the most numerous party, which again is tyranny, but the voluntary consent of all the people. Government resting on consent implies "the separate, individual consent of every man who is required to contribute, either by taxation or personal service, to the support of the government."[54] Such consent is necessary before a man can be declared a traitor.

The American Constitution merely offers membership in a government to those who want to join, and is binding only on those who consent and only so long as they continue their assent. People have the right to withdraw at any time. Many individuals who really do not accept the Constitution vote as a matter of self-defense, to keep the oppression, if possible, from becoming worse; voting does not, therefore, indicate consent. Treason means betrayal while professing friendship; the revolutionaries in the American Revolution were not traitors nor were the people in the South who wanted to secede. Both North and South, however, were guilty of the same error, since they assumed allegiance and consent where none existed: the North to the Union, the South to the State.[55] The result was a war between chattel slavery and political slavery: on neither side were men truly free.

In the sixth part of *No Treason,* Spooner reviewed his earlier arguments and raised, in unusually violent language, the question of who had robbed mankind of their property and had restrained their liberty: "Which are *their* homes, that we may burn or demolish them? . . . Which *their* persons, that we may kill them. . . ?" His answer was twofold. In barbaric so-

[53] Spooner, *No Treason,* No. 1, iii.

[54] Spooner, *No Treason,* No. 1, 11.

[55] Spooner, *No Treason,* No. 2, *passim.*

cieties, brute strength was the source of dominance; in "civilized" society, it was money which gave that power. Nominal rulers were "mere tools, employed by the wealthy to rob, enslave, and (if need be) murder those who have less wealth, or none at all."[56] Money lenders lent governments money to be used to finance the killing of people, since such investments paid better than honest industry; governments needed the money to hire murderers to enforce the slavery of the people. To keep in the good graces of the money-lenders, rulers paid interest promptly, gave the leaders economic monopolies, like banking, protective tariff, and unequal taxation.

Unlike Europe, the United States had no permanent chief of government, but rather a series of temporary rulers, who were really "agents of a secret band of robbers and murderers, whom they themselves do not know, individually."[57] When the people, in whose name they pretend to rule, show any sign of resistance, these rulers run to the money-lenders to get the wherewithal with which to shoot the people down. Although the founders of American constitutional government had professed a belief in government by consent of the governed, even then the money-lenders were supporting slave owners, *"for a purely pecuniary consideration."*[58] For the price of southern markets, northern money-lenders helped the southern slaveholders to keep down the slaves. And when the slaveholders rebelled, the money-lenders lent money for the war, to assure the maintenance of their economic monopoly in the South.

With the end of the war, the money-lenders demanded their pay, from the labor of the people of both the North and the South, through unequal taxation, tariffs, and banking monopolies. The "abolition of slavery" advertised as an objective of the war was a fraudulent claim; slavery was "abolished" only as a war measure. And meanwhile, the government kept *all* the people in slavery. The slogan, "save the country," really meant, keep *all* the people in subjection. The Constitution either au-

[56] Thorp, *American Issues: The Social Record*, I, 569.
[57] Thorp, *American Issues: The Social Record*, I, 571.
[58] Thorp, *American Issues: The Social Record*, I, 572.

thorized such a government, or was powerless to prevent it—in either case, it was not fit to exist.[59]

In Marxism or some variant of the economic interpretation of history, Spooner had found in 1870 the cause for the neglect of natural law and the science of justice: the power of the money-lender, the rich capitalist who was behind the oppressive government, and the denial to the individual of his inherent rights to freedom and free association. How this power was to be unyoked and dislodged, Spooner apparently did not know—unless his violent language was employed to arouse direct action.

In 1886, a year before his death, Spooner was still pamphleteering, this time in the form of an open letter to Grover Cleveland.[60] Spooner took issue with Cleveland's inaugural promise to administer the laws of the country "justly." Justice, Spooner still asserted, was an "immutable, natural principle," a subject of science, and at all times and all places the supreme law. The science of justice was the only science which enunciated man's inalienable rights. The maintenance of justice was the only reason for a government. Cleveland had no right to enforce "that great mass of superfluous or criminal laws (so-called)" on the statute books. Men, as individuals, might rightfully compel each other to obey this one law of justice, but no other; each man had the right to do anything which justice did not forbid; the individual's rights were the only human rights; there was no such thing as "public" rights. Our government is not concerned with justice, but with the protection of selfish interests; hence, its long protection of slavery. The legislature is really some four hundred "champion robbers" appointed secretly. Man's rights are always harmonious, but his interests conflict. Our government denies a man's natural right to his own life, by forcing him into military service; denies a man's right to property by placing restrictions on ownership; denies

[59] Thorp, *American Issues: The Social Record*, I, 569-574.

[60] Lysander Spooner, *A Letter to Grover Cleveland on His False Inaugural Address, the Usurpations and Crimes of Lawmakers and Judges, and the Consequent Poverty, Ignorance, and Servitude of the People* (Boston, 1886).

him his right to live where he wants to; denies him his right to the natural resources of the country; denies him the right to circulate private money; subjects him to unequal taxation, to tariffs, to money-monopolists who perpetuate poverty. The only remedy for this state of affairs is the destruction of the money monopoly, the restoration of free labor and free money.

This final series of comments on government, natural law, the science of justice, and economics was an epitome of the conclusions to which Spooner had come in a lifetime of legal practice and pamphleteering. He believed in a natural law of justice of whose validity men were intuitively aware—an idea that he picked up from the Transcendentalism about him. He believed in absolute individualism and in a denial of the rights of States—a concept he shared with Thoreau, Josiah Warren, Benjamin R. Tucker, and other more prominent anarchists. He believed that men could be expected to live peacefully and justly without ever stating whether man was innately good or evil, very much in the way that Melville conceived his ideal society of Serenia in *Mardi*. He believed in individual enterprise, through free and voluntary association, and in the abolition of all monopolies.

He never faced the problems of large-scale industrialism; never formally attempted to solve the insoluble problem of reconciling the mass production of creature comforts with the maintenance of individual liberty. His one useful, original contribution was a study of the jury system and the concomitant suggestion that it have the right to invalidate laws contradicting natural law. He brought to bear on the problems of the world a mind trained in legalism and created a legalistic brand of anarchism. But he did not write a systematic treatise nor did he develop a consistent philosophy. He was a bundle of contradictions—mixing a kind of Kantian idealism with a Marxian materialism, reflecting ideas only half-absorbed, half-understood, half-considered. His major omission was a failure to answer the question of how his better system might be brought about and maintained.

Yet, in his way, he too fought against oppression and for freedom, and the fact that the fight was futile and that the weapons were not always perfect is no valid reason for disdain. If he did not produce a Bible for American anarchism, neither did anyone else. Benjamin Tucker had merely thrown together a number of his editorials. America did not produce a Proudhon, a Bakunin, a Kropotkin. But then, American radicalism has not generally been productive of systematic philosophical treatises—Thomas Jefferson, the Jacksonians, the Muckrakers, the Populists, the Progressives, and the New Dealers have not had a sacred touchstone, as have, for example, the Communists in Marx, Engels, and Lenin, or as had the Utopians in Fourier. American radicalism has been pragmatic, and it was in that tradition that Spooner had raised his pen as the occasion required.

LYMAN ABBOTT: CHRISTIAN EVOLUTIONIST

IRA V. BROWN

CHARLES Darwin has been many things to many men. While for some he offered merely an explanation of biological data, others utilized his work to give a scientific stamp to a variety of philosophies having only the remotest connection with principles of organic heredity. In the hands of Herbert Spencer and his American disciple, William Graham Sumner, Darwinism afforded a new bulwark for competitive capitalism. Ardent nationalists used it to prove racial superiority and to defend imperialism. For still others the evolutionary theory, loosely construed, gave a powerful boost to humanitarianism and optimism. In the religious realm, Darwin's work led certain thinkers to reject theology and adopt a materialistic philosophy. It caused others to spurn modern science and set up a fortress of religious fundamentalism. For a third and perhaps the largest group, it resulted in efforts to reconcile science and religion or even to develop a new theology based upon science.[1] An important representative of this middle position was Lyman Abbott.

Born in 1835 to an old New England family, the son of Jacob Abbott, whose *Rollo* books entertained and edified thousands of American children during the mid-nineteenth century, Abbott became one of the most influential clergymen in

[1] Bert J. Loewenberg, "The Impact of the Doctrine of Evolution on American Thought, 1859-1900" (Harvard Ph.D. thesis, 1934), deals mainly with its influence on science and philosophy. The author's conclusions are set forth briefly in "Darwinism Comes to America, 1859-1900," *Mississippi Valley Historical Review*, XXVIII, 339-368 (Dec., 1941). Richard J. Hofstadter, *Social Darwinism in American Thought, 1860-1915* (Philadelphia, 1944), traces its effect on social and economic theory. Windsor H. Roberts, *The Reaction of American Protestant Churches to the Darwinian Philosophy, 1860-1900* (Chicago, 1938), is a condensed doctoral thesis. On the radical theists, who attempted to reconstruct theology along scientific lines, see Herbert W. Schneider, "The Influence of Darwin and Spencer on American Philosophical Theology," *Journal of the History of Ideas*, VI, 3-18 (Jan., 1945), and Stow Persons, *Free Religion: An American Faith* (New Haven, 1947). Representative of this group were Octavius B. Frothingham and Francis Ellingwood Abbot.

the nation. He was graduated from New York University at the age of seventeen and spent several years with his brothers' law firm before he decided to enter the Congregational ministry. Without formal theological training, he took a pastorate in Terre Haute, Indiana, where he served successfully during the trying Civil War years. Freedmen's aid work occupied his energies in the time of Reconstruction. In 1876 he joined Henry Ward Beecher on the *Christian Union*, later the *Outlook*, serving as editor-in-chief from 1881 until his death in 1922. Through the columns of this weekly journal, through the pulpit of Brooklyn's famous Plymouth Congregational Church, where he was Beecher's successor from 1887 to 1899, through myriad addresses and a flood of books and articles, Lyman Abbott was a potent force in the molding of Protestant opinion in the United States.[2]

One who saw him could hardly mistake his profession. Many can yet recall the slender figure, the wrinkled visage, the high-domed forehead, and the flowing white beard which gave him the appearance of an Old Testament prophet. Abbott's views, however, were distinctly modern. Talking little of dogma, he welcomed a critical approach to religion and often quoted such secular authorities as Spencer, Arnold, Tennyson, and Mill. His serene personality was a living testimony to the faith, hope, and love which he advocated. Always speaking extemporaneously, he gave the impression of an informal tête-à-tête. "We were reasoning together," recalled one who heard him at the Harvard University chapel, "aided by a quiet assurance beyond reason—an assurance that glowed in his face and flowed perceptibly through his voice. It was a voice low-pitched, mellow, not carrying very far, but heard by all because all were closely attentive."[3] Not least of Abbott's varied spiritual services to the American people was his success in

[2] For detailed information on Abbott's career see Lyman Abbott, *Reminiscences* (Boston, 1915). Ira V. Brown, "Lyman Abbott, Christian Evolutionist: A Study in Religious Opinion" (Harvard Ph.D. thesis, 1946), is the fullest critical biography.

[3] Harry T. Baker, "Lyman Abbott as a Preacher," *Outlook*, CXXXV, 624-625 (Dec. 12, 1923).

persuading many thoughtful Christians that the theory of evolution, far from demolishing genuine religion, actually purified and strengthened it.

The initial reception of Darwin's books by clergymen, however, was not so favorable. Dr. Charles Hodge of Princeton, a leading Presbyterian theologian, expressed the common religious verdict in his volume *What Is Darwinism?* (1874). His answer was the blunt—but unjust—assertion, "It is Atheism." Thousands who had never read *The Origin of Species* or *The Descent of Man* reached this conclusion, and multitudes of the pious became convinced that evolution was the great enemy of Christianity. Indeed Darwinism did challenge traditional theology in several respects. It upset the theory of special creation. The wondrously varied forms of life, far from being each the product of divine fiat, seemed now to have come about through "purposeless changes effected by unconscious force."[4] Evolution exploded the orthodox concept of sin. If man had evolved from the beasts, how could he have been created perfect and "fallen" into sin? Evolution damaged the authority of Scripture by discrediting the Genesis account of man's origin. In a larger sense the evolutionary idea produced a feeling of insecurity because it refuted absolutes of every kind.

Reconcilers were not long in appearing. Among the most important of these was John Fiske, whose views were formulated most fully in *Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy* (1874). To him evolution was simply "God's way of doing things."[5] Joseph LeConte gave the rising concept of Christian evolutionism a scientific stamp in his *Religion and Science* (1874) and *Evolution and its Relation to Religious Thought* (1888). LeConte believed that the great contribution of American thinkers to evolutionary theory was to show that it was "entirely consistent with a rational theism and with other fundamental religious beliefs."[6] Particularly influential on Lyman Abbott

[4] Charles Hodge, *What Is Darwinism?* (New York, 1874), 177.

[5] Loewenberg, "Darwinism Comes to America," 357.

[6] William D. Armes, editor, *The Autobiography of Joseph LeConte* (New York, 1903), 335.

were the writings of Henry Drummond, whose *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* (1883) drew analogies between the principles of biology and those of religion, purporting to show that such processes as birth, growth, decay, and death characterized the spiritual as well as the physical life and followed the same laws. In *The Ascent of Man* (1894) he argued that the struggle for survival was being replaced by a struggle for others, a providential device for securing perfection.

Henry Ward Beecher, taking his stand with the evolutionists about 1880, was probably the first prominent American minister to accommodate himself to the newer view. Elaborating his conclusions in *Evolution and Religion* (1885), he declared that science was merely "the deciphering of God's thought as revealed in the structure of the world."[7] Under Beecher's sway, Lyman Abbott joined the ranks of theistic evolutionists. By means of sermons, editorials, and several notable books, Abbott played an extraordinary part in stating and propagating a conception of Darwinism acceptable to orthodox Christians.

In 1882 the *Christian Union* announced confidently (rather too confidently, the twentieth century was to reveal) that "the time when ministers scoffed and derided Darwin and his disciples has forever passed."[8] The great scientist's death in the same year was the occasion for a sympathetic editorial. Abbott's journal praised Darwin for "his acute, careful and absolutely unprejudiced observations, and the influence which he has exerted in liberating and shaping theological thought, and in giving a new impulse and a new direction to practical philanthropy."[9] The Darwinian hypothesis that man had developed from a lower order of animals was not necessarily more degrading or blasphemous than the ancient opinion that he had been formed from the dust of the ground into which life had been breathed by direct creative act. "I would as soon have a monkey as a mud man for an ancestor," said Lyman Abbott.[10]

[7] Henry Ward Beecher, *Evolution and Religion* (New York, 1885), 46.

[8] *Christian Union*, XXVI, 230-231 (Sept. 21, 1882).

[9] *Christian Union*, XXV, 390-391 (April 27, 1882).

[10] *Reminiscences*, 459.

A little later the *Christian Union* criticized "the insane attempt to use the Bible to prevent scientific investigation," and condemned those who insisted upon regarding the first chapters of Genesis as "a literal, authoritative, and infallible history of the origin of things." The theological premise that they were a revelation from God was "pure assumption" and not even claimed by the writer of Genesis. "The theology which assumes it," said this editorial, "is responsible for the skepticism which its enormous assumption creates."[11] Abbott from an early day opposed efforts to suppress the teaching of evolution. It was foolish to cling to the "false foundation" of "medieval theories of Biblical interpretation and of man's origin and history."[12]

For Lyman Abbott proof of God and immortality rested on inner consciousness and on the concurrent testimony of many witnesses rather than on logic, on the Bible, or on creeds. This he made clear in a little volume entitled *In Aid of Faith* (1886), originally a series of lectures delivered at Wellesley College. Taking issue with "the fundamental assumption of modern unbelief, that we know only the visible and the tangible," he maintained the validity of spiritual perceptions. "The child cannot tell why he believes in his mother," Abbott wrote; "neither can I tell why I believe in Christ; I can only say, 'come and see.'"[13] For such intuitional faith science held no terrors.

A few years later Lyman Abbott was actually exploiting the idea of evolution for evangelical purposes. In *The Evolution of Christianity* (1892), which grew out of a course of lectures at the Lowell Institute in Boston, he undertook to show that the historic Christian faith, when stated in terms of an evolutionary philosophy, was not only preserved but was presented "in a purer and more powerful form."[14] Taking over LeConte's definition of evolution as "continuous progressive change, according to certain laws, and by means of resident forces," he contended that each of these elements characterized religious

[11] *Christian Union*, XXVII, 106-107 (Feb. 8, 1883).

[12] *Christian Union*, XXX, 437 (Nov. 6, 1884).

[13] Lyman Abbott, *In Aid of Faith* (New York, 1886), 86.

[14] Lyman Abbott, *The Evolution of Christianity* (Boston, 1892), iv.

development. "Resident forces" he chose to identify with an immanent God. Herbert Spencer had spoken of an "Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed." Though Spencer considered it unknowable, Abbott, like John Fiske, called it God. Deity, then, was the secret and the power of evolution.[15] True, development was not always onward and upward. Life and institutions, like trees, sent branches in various directions. The whole, however, grew ever taller, larger, and more diversified in structure. This was true of religion, "the life of God in the soul of man."[16]

With these definitions Abbott went on to apply the evolutionary principle to the Bible, theology, the church, society, and the soul. The Bible he considered inspired literature but not an infallible book. It was the product of centuries of growth and was constructed by a "process of natural selection."[17] Modernist theology—"Progressive Orthodoxy" it was called in Congregational circles during Abbott's time—he regarded as an advance over fundamentalist theology. The church he compared to a "tree, rooted and grounded in Christ."[18] He pictured the progress of society under the impetus of religious ideals, and saw the Christian social order as the "one far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves." The soul, too, evolved. Redemption was not restoration of man to an original state of innocence but rather "the entire process of intellectual and spiritual development in which man passes . . . into the condition of virtue."[19] Christ came "not merely to show divinity to us, but to evolve the latent divinity which he has implanted in us."[20] History was but the record of "this evolution of the divinity out of humanity." Abbott believed that "under the inspirational power of the divine spirit" man's spiritual na-

[15] Abbott, *The Evolution of Christianity*, 245.

[16] Abbott, *The Evolution of Christianity*, 11-12.

[17] Abbott, *The Evolution of Christianity*, 40. Abbott set forth his views on the Bible more fully in *The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews* (Boston, 1901).

[18] Abbott, *The Evolution of Christianity*, 172.

[19] Abbott, *The Evolution of Christianity*, 227.

[20] Abbott, *The Evolution of Christianity*, 250.

ture was growing stronger, his animal nature being stamped out. The individual, the church, and society were all strange intermixtures of paganism and Christianity, in which Christian love was steadily displacing pagan selfishness and transforming the earth into a Kingdom of God.[21]

Public reaction to the lectures in which Abbott expounded this rosy philosophy was generally cordial. The *Boston Herald* called them "the best sympathetic and reverent statement of the new way of looking at Christianity which has yet been made in this country."[22] The *Advertiser* remarked that probably no two men were doing more to win skeptics back to the Christian fold than Lyman Abbott and Boston's own Phillips Brooks.[23] Extremists on both sides, however, assailed Abbott for taking the middle of the road. The Rev. Minot J. Savage, a prominent Unitarian, criticized him for clinging to the supernatural birth and resurrection of Jesus.[24] The Rev. Edward M. Gushee pointed out that according to Christian evolutionism, "an untenable and unproven theory," Luther should be superior to Christ.[25] Fundamentalists were more bitter. Joseph Cook, famous for his "Boston Monday lectures" at Tremont Temple, charged that Abbott had inherited many of Beecher's "fancies and foibles." He was merely following the footsteps of his master in trying to harmonize evolution and religion, and it was "generally conceded" that Beecher had failed in this attempt.[26] A few years later Francis M. Bruner of Des Moines, Iowa, wrote *The Evolution Theory, as Stated by M. LeConte and Applied by Dr. Lyman Abbott*, with special reference to Abbott's *Evolution of Christianity*, which was branded as "one of those dangerous applications of an unsettled question that ought not to pass unchallenged." Six thousand years had shown that there was no such thing as "continuous progressive

[21] Abbott, *The Evolution of Christianity*, 254-255, 258.

[22] *Boston Herald*, Jan. 10, 1892.

[23] *Boston Advertiser*, Jan. 27, 1892.

[24] *Boston Advertiser*, Feb. 8, 1892.

[25] *Boston Herald*, Jan. 18, 1892.

[26] Joseph Cook, "Dr. Lyman Abbott's New Progressive Orthodoxy," *Our Day*, IX, 349 (May, 1892).

change." God was "wholly separate from his material creation." The view of life assumed in Abbott's work was "not the Apostolic conception and, therefore, not Christian."[27]

Undaunted by critics, Lyman Abbott continued his "dangerous application of an unsettled question" in *The Theology of an Evolutionist* (1897), which originated as a series of lectures in Plymouth Church. Abounding in felicitous phrases, albeit many of them were borrowed from other writers, this work moved almost epigrammatically from point to point, setting forth the author's optimistic philosophy in persuasive style. Repudiating the traditional view of creation by manufacture, Abbott adopted the position of creation by evolution, "God's way of doing things."

> And the consummation of evolution, the consummation of redemption,—the one term is scientific, the other theological, but the process is the same,—the consummation of this long process of divine manifestation, which began in the day when the morning stars sang together, will not be until the whole human race becomes what Christ was, until the incarnation so spreads out from the one man of Nazareth that it fills the whole human race, and all humanity becomes an incarnation of the divine, the infinite, and the all-loving Spirit. What Jesus was, humanity is becoming.[28]

Abbott also rejected the old explanation of sin. Labeling the Genesis account of man's fall "a beautiful fable," he treated sin as a lapse into the animal nature from which man had ascended. Lyman Abbott spoke not with Darwin of the descent of man but with Henry Drummond of his ascent. Greed, pride, and selfishness were brutish characteristics not yet eliminated. Man's only hope was "in the power that shall lift him up and out of his lower self into his higher, truer, nobler self, until he shall be no longer the son of the animal, but in very truth a son of God."[29] The cross of Christ, Abbott felt, illustrated "the

[27] Francis M. Bruner, *The Evolution Theory, as Stated by M. LeConte and Applied by Dr. Lyman Abbott Unsupported by the Phenomena of the World as Far as We Are Able to Know It* (Des Moines, 1900), 9, 23, 121, 45.

[28] Lyman Abbott, *The Theology of an Evolutionist* (Boston, 1897), 75-76.

[29] Abbott, *The Theology of an Evolutionist*, 49.

consummate fact of human life,—suffering for others."[30] It was part of the divine order of nature that the birth of a higher life should be through the pain of another. Christ, however, did not lay down his life to appease the Creator. Abbott disowned the orthodox position which he himself had held in the early days of his ministry that Christ paid the penalty for the sins of men that they might be released from punishment. The Lamb of God took away not the punishment but the sins of the people. The one transcendent truth, Abbott declared, which distinguished Christianity from all forms of paganism was that it represented God as appeasing his own wrath or satisfying his own justice by an expression of his own love.[31]

Discarding the common definition of miracles as violations of the order of nature or as marvels or wonders, he held that they were simply "unusual manifestations" of divine power. The opinion that God had manifested himself in unusual ways, he wrote, was not inconsistent with belief that he was always manifesting himself in all conceivable ways in the ordinary processes of life. Thus Abbott no longer recognized the usual distinction between natural and supernatural. Some of the miracles recorded in the Bible he accepted; others he doubted. The destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah seemed to him quite credible, as did the passage of the Hebrews across the Red Sea. That Joshua made the sun stand still he did not believe. Regarding the more delicate matter of the New Testament miracles he was equivocal, except for the resurrection of Jesus, which he continued to call "one of the best attested facts of ancient history."[32] To deny the resurrection, Lyman Abbott felt, would be to annihilate Christianity.

Under Abbott's skillful direction, evolution became a bulwark for faith in immortality. "I do not see," he declared, "how one can be a consistent evolutionist and think that 'death ends all.'"[33] He could not believe that a process of continuous

[30] Abbott, *The Theology of an Evolutionist*, 111.
[31] Abbott, *The Theology of an Evolutionist*, 127.
[32] Abbott, *The Theology of an Evolutionist*, 159.
[33] Abbott, *The Theology of an Evolutionist*, 161.

growth would end in nothingness. In his view, God was developing through the ages "creatures that could think as He thinks, will as He wills, love as He loves, and carry their independence and their personality into a future life to love and be loved."[34] In conclusion Abbott expressed the hope that by the new theology Christians might "hold fast their faith in God, their consciousness of sin, their fellowship with Christ, their experience of pardon, their hope of eternal life."[35] Lyman Abbott's evolutionary theology remained evangelical.

Nevertheless it aroused a storm of protest from religious conservatives. The opposition included the Rev. Edward Abbott, brother of Lyman. Disturbed by the liberal theological currents stirring in Congregational circles, Edward Abbott had abandoned this denomination in 1878 and had become an Episcopalian. For many years he was rector of St. James Church in Cambridge, Massachusetts. In 1890 he addressed a letter to the *Christian Union,* criticizing the editor's loose doctrine of the atonement.[36] "Your view of your brother Lyman's course," a correspondent wrote him in 1897, *"tallies exactly with mine.* I told your brother that changing from 'Christian Union' to 'Outlook' was backsliding in title. . . . I mourn his Spiritism and rejection of the resurrection of the body."[37] The editor of the Episcopalian *Church Standard* complained to Edward Abbott that *The Theology of an Evolutionist* was "a dreadful book," and that the *Outlook's* influence was "pernicious." Regarding Lyman Abbott this critic continued:

I do not think that he is either a clear-headed or a sober-minded man: but if he had more humility, and if he had the safe guidance of the creeds, he has popular talent and personal attraction enough to do any amount of building up instead of that dreadful work of

[34] Abbott, *The Theology of an Evolutionist,* 173.

[35] Abbott, *The Theology of an Evolutionist,* 184.

[36] *Christian Union,* XLII, 24 (July 3, 1890).

[37] Daniel H. Chase to Edward Abbott, Feb., 1897, Abbott Papers, Bowdoin College Library. Most of the Lyman Abbott papers, which are not extensive, are still in the hands of the family. Miss Beatrice V. Abbott and Mr. Alexander L. Abbott kindly gave the author access to them.

pulling down, which I feel confident that he himself does not so much as know that he is doing.[38]

The Rev. A. C. Dixon, a Baptist preacher in Brooklyn, gave a series of sermons answering the Plymouth Church pastor, accusing him of having adopted a theory which robbed Christ of his divinity.[39] The *Interior,* a Congregational journal published in Chicago, said of the *Theology:* "It is scarcely necessary to inquire where this leaves Christianity—we will not say evangelical Christianity, but religion of any type or form."[40] And so it went.

Others, however, praised Abbott for making science an ally rather than an enemy of religion. As the *New York Tribune* put it when he retired from Plymouth Church, he held a unique place among ministers in giving renewed vitality to the faith of many people who found difficulty in reconciling the religion of their traditions with the secular thought of their time.[41] Washington Gladden, prominent liberal minister of Columbus, Ohio, thought Abbott had done "a very great service to theology" by his works on evolution and religion, and he did not believe that critics had made any serious break in Abbott's reasoning. "At any rate," he wrote, "it is perfectly clear that our theology must adjust itself to the evolutionary conception; we cannot now think in any other terms."[42]

Theistic evolutionism was a soothing doctrine, a source of comfort and strength to those who feared the revolutionary changes of the late nineteenth century. It enabled men and women to retain their faith in the face of the uprooting impact of modern learning and the new urban-industrialism. It invested its adherents with boundless hope. Evolution, said Lyman Abbott, tended to make every day better than the one before. "We know that there is physical order, and a moral order,

[38] John Fulton to Edward Abbott, Dec. 8, 1897, Abbott Papers.

[39] *Brooklyn Citizen,* June 8, 1896.

[40] *Interior* (Chicago), Feb. 4, 1897.

[41] *New York Tribune,* Nov. 28, 1898.

[42] Washington Gladden to Lyman Abbott, Nov. 23, 1897, Abbott Papers.

and that order means progress."[43] Not even the World War could shatter his optimism. An *Outlook* editorial of 1915 declared:

> The law of evolution is still on the statute-books of the universe. The human race falls down occasionally, bruises itself, and weeps some bitter tears; but it picks itself up and goes on walking, and persistently in the right direction. The world is a better world to live in than it was fifty years ago. We are still cheerful.[44]

Abbott was able to justify the Spanish-American War and American participation in the World War on the ground that they were but phases of God's plan for advancing the cause of democracy and Christianity.[45]

Christian evolutionism was not such a sinister creed as social Darwinism. "Evolution is not to be identified with Darwinism," Abbott wrote; "it is not the doctrine of struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest." It was simply "the doctrine of growth applied to life."[46] Its goal was the Kingdom of God on earth, a coöperative society based on self-sacrifice. As early as the 1870's Lyman Abbott had repudiated *laissez-faire* economics and begun to talk of means to achieve "industrial democracy" in America. Christianity would not be realized until "every honest and wiliing worker can find work," he wrote in *The Evolution of Christianity*.[47] His roseate interpretation of evolution encouraged a humanitarian and idealistic view of life quite in keeping with the American democratic faith. Thus he was able to support most of the social reforms of the progressive era. "The object of Christianity," he once declared, "is human welfare; its method is character-building; its process is evolution; and the secret of its power is God."[48]

[43] Sarah T. Dickinson, editor, *Problems of Life; Selections from the Writings of the Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D.* (New York, 1900), 128.

[44] *Outlook*, CXI, 593 (Nov. 10, 1915).

[45] See Lyman Abbott, *The Rights of Man* (Boston, 1901) and *The Twentieth Century Crusade* (New York, 1918).

[46] Abbott, *The Theology of an Evolutionist*, 176.

[47] Abbott, *The Evolution of Christianity*, 201.

[48] Lyman Abbott, "What is Christianity?" *Arena*, III, 46 (Dec., 1890).

Evolutionary theology was a companion to ethical religion.[49]

The religious version of evolution is, of course, open to many objections. Thomas Henry Huxley expressed some of them in his famous lecture "Evolution and Ethics." If the cosmos were the effect of an immanent, omnipotent, and infinitely beneficent cause, Huxley pointed out, the existence in it of real evil would be inadmissible. Yet the universal experience of mankind testified that, if anything were real, pain and sorrow and wrong were realities. Furthermore, change was often cyclical rather than progressive. The theory of evolution, he insisted, encouraged no millennial anticipations. The cosmic process bore no relation to moral ends, and the ethical improvement of society depended not on imitating nature but on combating it.[50] The great English evolutionists differed from their lesser American counterparts in being agnostics.

Lyman Abbott's use of the term "evolution," like that of others who attempted to apply it to non-scientific fields, was a very lax one. The popularizers of the doctrine knew little about its technical aspects. Abbott's reconciliation of evolution and religion was vague and superficial, theological rather than scientific. Insensitive to the deeper implications of modern science, Abbott and his contemporaries were too hasty in proclaiming the victory for religion. Furthermore, the movement known as the "New Theology" or "Progressive Orthodoxy" was essentially conservative. Though more independent in his thinking than most of the pious, Lyman Abbott was actually an apologist for certain foregone conclusions arrived at during half a century of Christian experience. He failed to

[49] Prince Peter Kropotkin in *Mutual Aid* (London, 1902) also claimed Darwinian sanction and blamed others for the Hobbesian interpretation of evolution. Hofstadter's *Social Darwinism*, 74, 174, makes it clear that nothing in Darwinism inevitably made it an apology for competition and force. It was a neutral instrument, capable of supporting opposite ideologies. See also "Evolution and Social Reform," in the *New Encyclopedia of Social Reform*, ed. by William D. P. Bliss and Rudolph M. Binder (New York, 1908), 451-455. For the relation of evolutionary theories to the social gospel, consult Charles H. Hopkins, *The Rise of the Social Gospel in American Protestantism, 1865-1915* (New Haven, 1940), 121-122, 129-130.

[50] Thomas H. Huxley, *Evolution and Ethics* (London, 1893).

meet the full challenge of the more radical forms of modern thought to the Bible and the church.[51]

Superficial and dubious though it was, Christian evolutionism served several useful purposes. It contravened obscurantism and encouraged a friendly attitude toward science. It preserved spiritual values in a new world where old moral sanctions were being removed. It encouraged a humane and progressive social outlook. It reconciled conservatives to the idea of change.

[51] See Frank H. Foster, *The Modern Movement in American Theology* (New York, 1939), 93-94.

MEMORANDA AND DOCUMENTS

HAWTHORNE'S REVIEW OF *EVANGELINE*

HUBERT H. HOELTJE

WHEN the Whigs of Salem were in the midst of their conspiracy to oust Nathaniel Hawthorne from the surveyorship of the Port of Salem, one of their charges was that he had taken an active part in Democratic politics by writing political articles for the Salem *Advertiser*, a local Democratic organ. In his defense, a letter written to his friend, George S. Hillard,[1] and published at Hillard's instance in the Whig Boston *Advertiser*, Hawthorne made perhaps his sole public reference to his unsigned review of Longfellow's *Evangeline*. Even in this statement, however, possibly out of deference to Longfellow, he did not identify the book reviewed.[2] But in an earlier letter to Hillard he had been more explicit: "My contributions to that paper have been two theatrical criticisms, a notice of a ball at Ballard Vale, a notice of Longfellow's *Evangeline*, and perhaps half a dozen other books. Never a word of politics."[3] Mrs. Hawthorne, when the review appeared, had alluded to it in a letter to her mother:

> My husband began retiring to his study on the 1st of November, and writes every afternoon. Have you seen the most exquisite of reviews upon "Evangeline,"—very short, but containing all? Evangeline is certainly the highest production of Mr. Longfellow.[4]

Since then, references to Hawthorne's review have been rare. It has not, apparently, been republished except in small part—first by George Parsons Lathrop,[5] and secondly by Manning Hawthorne

[1] June 18, 1849.

[2] "My contributions to the Salem *Advertiser* have been a few notices of books, and other miscellaneous paragraphs, perhaps a dozen in all; never a single line of politics." This letter was apparently designed for publication, presumably at Hillard's request.

[3] *The Complete Writings of Nathaniel Hawthorne* (Boston, 1918), XVII, 430-431.

[4] Julian Hawthorne, *Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife* (Boston, 1885), I, 323.

[5] *A Study of Hawthorne* (Boston, 1876), 178-179.

and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana.[6] Randall Stewart[7] remarks that he was unable to locate the review in question.

In view of the highly interesting relationship between Hawthorne and Longfellow in the composition of *Evangeline*, of the novelty of a review by Hawthorne of a volume of poetry, and of the excellence of the review itself, a republication of the review in its entirety seems desirable. The essay is worthy of examination from a number of points of view: as exemplifying the ideal of one kind of review, and as illustrating Hawthorne's skill in writing expository prose. Not least significantly it may be read as showing Hawthorne's deep and genuine admiration for Longfellow's poem. Moreover, the review shows that his expression of esteem for the author whose thoughts gushed forth "like violets along a woodpath" (a phrase which he had treasured in his notebooks a half-decade) was undoubtedly sincere.[8] Hawthorne could give Longfellow no higher compliment than to say that the theme of *Evangeline* was "not to be trusted in the hands of an ordinary writer, who would bring out only its gloom and wretchedness: it required the true poet's deeper insight to present it to us, as we find it here, its pathos all illuminated with beauty,—so that the impression . . . is nowhere dismal or despondent, and glows with the purest sunshine where we might the least expect it. . . ." Longfellow's accomplishment was one which Hawthorne felt—three years later—that he himself had not attained in *The Scarlet Letter*, which, to his eye, wore "a stern and somber aspect; too much ungladdened by genial sunshine; too little revealed by the tender and familiar influences which soften every scene of nature and real life, and, undoubtedly, should soften every picture of them."[9] The reader may agree with this criticism or not; but he will see in it Hawthorne's profound commendation of Longfellow's attainment.

I quote the review from the Salem *Advertiser* of November 13,

[6] *The Origin and Development of Longfellow's Evangeline* (Portland, Maine, 1947), 39-40.

[7] *The American Notebooks of Nathaniel Hawthorne* (New Haven, 1932), 320.

[8] H. F. Conolly, who wished to make it appear that Hawthorne regretted giving the story of the Acadians to Longfellow, was not a credible witness. See Manning Hawthorne in *The Colophon*, New Series, II, 262-282 (1937): "Hawthorne and 'The Man of God'"; also Hawthorne and Dana, *The Origin and Development of Longfellow's Evangeline*, 13.

[9] *Works*, VI ("The Custom House"), 61-62.

1847, where I found it several years ago when I was reading the extant Salem newspapers published during the residence there of Hawthorne and his father.

EVANGELINE; *by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: Ticknor.* 1847.

This poem has a historical foundation in the removal and dispersion of the inhabitants of the French province of Acadie, in 1755, by order of the British authorities. The event is one of the most remarkable in American history; and the story of Evangeline and her lover is of itself as poetical as the fable of the Odyssey, besides that it comes to the heart as a fact that has had actual place in human life. A young maiden is separated from the youth to whom she is betrothed, and conveyed to a different province; she spends her whole subsequent life in efforts to join him, unavailingly, till, in old age, she finds him on his death-bed, in an alms-house. It is a theme, indeed, not to be trusted in the hands of an ordinary writer, who would bring out only its gloom and wretchedness: it required the true poet's deeper insight to present it to us, as we find it here, its pathos all illuminated with beauty,—so that the impression of the poem is nowhere dismal or despondent, and glows with the purest sunshine where we might the least expect it, on the pauper's death-bed. We remember no such triumph as the author has here achieved, transfiguring Evangeline, now old and gray, before our eyes, and making us willingly acquiesce in all the sorrow that has befallen her, for the sake of the joy which is prophesied and realized within her.

The story is told with the utmost simplicity—with the simplicity of high and exquisite art, which causes it to flow onward as naturally as the current of a stream. Evangeline's wanderings give occasion to many pictures both of northern and southern scenery and life; but these do not appear as if brought in designedly, to adorn the tale; they seem to throw their beauty inevitably into the calm mirror of its bosom, as it flows past them. So it is with all the adornments of the poem; they seem to have come unsought. Beautiful thoughts spring up like roses, and gush forth like violets along a wood-path; but never in any entanglement or confusion; and it is chiefly because beauty is kept from jostling with beauty, that we recognize the severe intellectual toil, which must have been bestowed upon this sweet and noble poem. It was written with no hasty hand, and in no light mood. The author has done himself justice, and has regard to his well-earned fame; and, by this work of his maturity—a poem founded on American history, and embodying itself in American life and manners—he has placed himself on an eminence higher than he had yet attained, and beyond the reach of envy. Let him stand, then, at the head of our list of

native poets, until some one else shall break up the rude soil of our American life, as he has done, and produce from it a lovelier and nobler flower than this poem of Evangeline!

Mr. Longfellow has made what may be considered an experiment, by casting his poem into hexameters. The first impressions of many of his readers will be adverse; but, when it is perceived how beautifully plastic this cumbrous measure becomes in his hands—how thought and emotion incorporate and identify themselves with it—how it can compass great ideas, or pick up familiar ones—how it swells and subsides with the nature and necessities of the theme—and, finally, how musical it is, whether it imitate a forest-wind or the violin of an Acadian fiddler—we fully believe that the final judgment will be in its favor. Indeed, we cannot conceive of the poem as existing in any other measure.

HAWTHORNE'S *FANSHAWE:* THE PROMISING OF GREATNESS

CARL BODE

'WILT thou go on with me?'—Southey" was the motto Hawthorne prefixed in the elegant fashion of 1828 to his first novel. It was a modest motto, fitting enough for the anonymous little volume it adorned. Almost from the time it was printed *Fanshawe* has been regarded merely as a literary curiosity—"destitute of any brilliant markings of [Hawthorne's] genius" was the way George Edward Woodberry summed it up many years ago. "Barely tolerable" was what Mark Van Doren labeled it recently. As a matter of fact, the nearest thing to praise it normally receives is a left-handed compliment like the perfectly Victorian one which F. P. Stearns paid when he wondered that the sensationalism of the plot had not caused the book to be in much greater demand. He observed:

> One would suppose that [*Fanshawe's*] faults would have helped to make it popular, for portions of it are so exciting as to border on the sensational. It may be affirmed that when a novel becomes so exciting that we wish to turn over the pages and anticipate the conclusion, either the action of the story is too heated or its incidents are too highly colored.

By now the elements that go to make up *Fanshawe* have been pretty well identified and separated by students in the field. Li-

brarian George T. Little of Bowdoin College, among them, pointed out as early as the turn of the century that Hawthorne's Harley College bore many specific resemblances to the Bowdoin Hawthorne knew. Mr. Little noted similarities of setting—the trout pool, the old inn, the president's garden, as well as of character—Dr. Melmoth anticipated in Bowdoin's Presidents Allen and Appleton, Gorham Deane, second scholar of Hawthorne's class, dying of scholarship and consumption like Fanshawe. P. E. Burnham in "Hawthorne's *Fanshawe* and Bowdoin College" has done more recent and more comprehensive work in the same connection. Another scholar has studied Hawthorne's wide reading among Sir Walter Scott's romances and has commented on the general influence of Scott on characterization and plotting in *Fanshawe*. Still another has discovered in C. R. Maturin's gothic *Melmoth the Wanderer* the specific source for Hawthorne's plot and three of his major characters. The portion of Maturin's book called the "Tale of the Indians" apparently provided Hawthorne with some of the characteristics of Fanshawe, of the villain Butler, and of the heroine Ellen Langton; it also furnished in Melmoth's temporary renunciation of his beloved a suggestion of Fanshawe's self-denial in regard to Ellen.

This is the way that the components of Hawthorne's book have been laid bare. The relative ease with which scholars have been able to analyze *Fanshawe* betrays the simplicity of the volume. The very type of scholarship—capable though it is—that *Fanshawe* has attracted makes the book seem all the more negligible. The demonstrations in the four articles on *Fanshawe* just cited are successful ones, and their success is apt to make the reader think even less of the volume than he has before.

The scholars have minimized *Fanshawe* indirectly and unintentionally; the many critics and biographers (aside from Robert Cantwell in his *Nathaniel Hawthorne: The American Years*)—including Woodberry, Stearns, and Van Doren—have been more blunt.

There are, indeed, still other faults beyond those that the biographers have normally mentioned to be charged against young Hawthorne besides his failure to transform his sources; and these ought in fairness be considered before analyzing the merits of his book. Most of them he shares with the great majority of popular novelists who composed when he did. Not the least fault is the

stilted and melodramatic character of much of the writing in *Fanshawe*. *Fanshawe* is in fact a melodrama and might well have been made into a successful and commonplace stage production. The dialogue has the precise flavor of its period. For instance, soon after fair Ellen has let Butler persuade her to leave with him, her face gives away her regret. The scene between them is complete with stage directions:

"Do you repent so soon?" he inquired. "We have a weary way before us. Faint not ere we have well entered upon it."

"I have left dear friends behind me, and am going I know not whither," replied Ellen tremblingly.

"You have a faithful guide;" he observed, turning away his head, and speaking in the tone of one who endeavours to smother a laugh.

The best example in the book is found a few pages later. Butler by this time has brought Ellen to a cave in the woods and her alarm has been increasing steadily. They are completely alone and Butler tells Ellen harshly that she may shriek if she wishes. No one will hear her.

"There is—there is one," exclaimed Ellen, shuddering and affrighted at the fearful meaning of his countenance. "He is here—He is there." And she pointed to heaven.

"It may be so, dearest," he replied. "But if there be an ear that hears, and an eye that sees all the evil of the earth, yet the arm is slow to avenge. Else why do I stand before you, a living man?"

"His vengeance may be delayed for a time, but not forever," she answered. . . .

"You say true, lovely Ellen; and I have done enough, ere now, to insure its heaviest weight. There is a pass, when evil deeds can add nothing to guilt, nor good ones take anything from it."

"Think of your mother,—of her sorrow through life, and perhaps even after death," Ellen began to say. But as she spoke these words, the expression of his face was changed, becoming suddenly so dark and fiend-like, that she clasped her hands and fell on her knees before him.

"I have thought of my mother," he replied, speaking very low, and putting his face close to hers.

Yet even Ellen's perfectly melodramatic posture of supplication is given some novelty, and dignity, by the way Hawthorne states the problem of evil in the lines she and Butler speak. Nevertheless, most of the conversation is as ornate as scrollwork.

The action, too, in *Fanshawe* is often melodramatic. As a matter

of fact there are several scenes here that were standard on the stage. The villain at the bedside of his dying mother, the pursuit of the abducted heroine, the hen-pecked husband rated by his wife, the fight on the cliff—all these were standard fare; and *Fanshawe* has them all.

What then is good in this apprentice piece of Hawthorne's? The answer, perhaps, is not a great deal but yet more than might be expected. Furthermore, the contribution lies exactly where critics are apt to find Hawthorne deficient. It lies in the field of character analysis. This is the place where the general charge of lack of literary merit that is usually levelled at *Fanshawe* may be qualified.

The main character in *Fanshawe* is Nathaniel Hawthorne. It is true that Gorham Deane may have furnished the suggestion for the figure of Fanshawe and that Hawthorne himself was in reality at least lively and convivial enough to be fined by the faculty for drinking at the old inn. Yet, if the character of Fanshawe is not Hawthorne at college, it is surely Hawthorne after college—Hawthorne writing by himself, taking his meals alone, studying and composing almost completely without encouragement. He describes Fanshawe returning to his chamber and books after his first meeting with Ellen:

> [Fanshawe] called up in review the years, that, even at his early age, he had spent in solitary study,—in conversation with the dead, —while he had scorned to mingle with the living world, or to be actuated by any of its motives. He asked himself, to what purpose was all this destructive labor, and where was the happiness of superior knowledge? He had climbed but a few steps of a ladder that reached to infinity;—he had thrown away his life in discovering, that, after a thousand such lives, he should still know comparatively nothing. He even looked forward with dread . . . to the eternity of improvement that lay before him. It seemed now a weary way . . . and at the moment he would have preferred the dreamless sleep of the brutes.

In this passage Hawthorne makes the earliest announcement of one of his greatest themes: that man must not cut himself off from man. That is the unforgivable sin. Even when committed for the sake of knowledge of the great intellectual past, it will bring death-like despair with it. The emotions stirred by the sight of Ellen make Fanshawe realize this. One scholar has asserted that Ellen is merely a shadowy composite of the Waverley heroines. Here at least

she is much more than that; she is a symbol, a symbol of the world that Fanshawe and Hawthorne are both renouncing. Here Hawthorne is able to add depth to the characterization of Fanshawe through the reflection of his own inner struggles.

Many an author has written out his youthful personal problems precisely as Hawthorne does. Traditionally it is on such stuff that first novels are made, for first novels are, more often than not, ones of character and adjustment. In spite of its heavy drapings of incident, *Fanshawe* is such a novel. It deals with the choice of life. Fanshawe testifies to his stature by the way in which, for the sake of the ultimate happiness of the others concerned, he makes the necessary choice. He can do that because of his power—or Hawthorne's—of self-analysis. The book rises to a considerable height when Fanshawe surveys himself, and Hawthorne. Then he displays a cold, even appraisal of himself that is rare in literature and certainly still rarer in life. The temptation to accept Ellen's grateful love is strong enough to move Fanshawe to tears as he rejects it. He knows what will happen if he cuts himself off from man and the common daily occupations of mankind. Yet he knows inevitably that he must live by himself. Hawthorne says of Fanshawe, in the one passage that almost all critics have quoted, that he

> had read [Ellen's] character with accuracy, and had seen how fit she was to love, and to be loved by a man who could find his happiness in the common occupation of the world; and Fanshawe never deceived himself so far, as to suppose that this would be the case with him.

Ellen Langton and the pleasant young man she finally marries, Edward Walcott, are both good people in a simple, normal way; and Hawthorne wastes little analysis on them. They are the average, and he is not much interested in the average. Fanshawe, of course, and Butler, also, claim his attention. He spends considerable time in studying the reasons for their conduct and personalities. In Hawthorne's final analysis of Butler, after he has fallen to his death from the cliff, there is the same even, balanced statement that distinguishes Hawthorne's study of Fanshawe. Butler, says Hawthorne in effect, was a wicked man but he was likewise an unfortunate one; his was not a simple case.

> A harsh father, and his own untameable disposition, had driven him from home in his boyhood. . . . After two years of wandering,

when in a foreign country and in circumstances of utmost need, he attracted the notice of Mr. Langton [Ellen's father]. The merchant took his young countryman under his protection, afforded him advantages of education, and, as his capacity was above mediocrity, gradually trusted him in many affairs of importance. During this period, there was no evidence of dishonesty on his part. On the contrary, he manifested a zeal for Mr. Langton's interest, and a respect for his person, that proved his strong sense of the benefits he had received.

So far, then, nothing more could be asked of Butler.

But he unfortunately fell into certain youthful indiscretions, which, if not entirely pardonable, might have been palliated by many considerations, that would have occurred to a merciful man. Mr. Langton's justice, however, was seldom tempered by mercy; and on this occasion, he shut the door of repentance against his erring protégé, and left him in a situation not less desperate, than that from which he had relieved him. The goodness and the nobleness, of which his heart was not destitute, turned, from that time, wholly to evil, and he became irrecoverably ruined and irreclaimably depraved.

There is no touch of Calvinism in Hawthorne's early view of evil. Circumstances change and persons change in accordance with them. Their actions are not foreordained. As a consequence, Hawthorne's best characters are not static, nor are they stereotyped. Often when writing about them he will bring the alterations caused by the passing of time to the reader's attention. Butler changes, it is worth noticing, both before *Fanshawe* opens and afterward. Fanshawe himself changes and so does Ellen. The alteration in Ellen, however, and Walcott is not marked, for both are ordinary characters; nevertheless, Hawthorne makes the reader aware of it. Sometimes he is so concerned with the explanation of change in character that he not only describes the past development but also predicts lines of change for the future. This is true particularly for Fanshawe, but even Walcott is so analyzed when he is first presented to the reader. "His features," Hawthorne writes, "were handsome, and promised to be manly and dignified, when they should cease to be youthful." This is not a trivial instance in spite of its brevity: how many novelists of that time or today will see anything but eternal youth for their heroes? Hawthorne's opening comment on Fanshawe's appearance is raised above the commonplace by the same concern with the effect of time. "There was

a nobleness on [Fanshawe's] high forehead, which time would have deepened into majesty; and all his features were formed with a strength and boldness, of which the paleness, produced by study and confinement, could not deprive them." Here is the effect of the past and also the prediction of the future.

Even when Hawthorne winds up his story he is able to dignify the stale and traditional happy ending for the lovers by forecasting in it the effect of change. The pair were to be uncommonly happy but Walcott was to alter, to lose whatever pretensions to a career he might earlier have cherished. "Ellen's gentle, almost imperceptible, but powerful influence, drew her husband away from the passions and pursuits that would have interfered with domestic felicity; and he never regretted the worldly distinction of which she thus deprived him."

However, Walcott throughout most of the book is a wax figure and Hawthorne gives him the scant notice one would anticipate. Several of the minor characters are much stronger and better realized. They show a literary promise that he does not. Hugh Crombie, the inn-keeper, is by no means a simple or typical figure. He responds to his early experiences by changing, knocks about in the world, comes home to quiet down, and in the end marries for comfort. He is not presented unsympathetically. Hawthorne spends more time on Crombie than the story demands, and his characterization becomes almost a virtuoso piece. Crombie is seen to run the gamut from poet to pirate and back, with unexpected consistency. He is a full-dress figure, but even when a character appears only once Hawthorne may be able to etch his outline in the reader's mind. For example, although that fat haunter of death-beds, the "follower of funerals," the hedge-priest, takes up only a page, he is memorably drawn. Nor will most readers forget "Dolly," the perfectly ugly but good-natured college chambermaid.

Hawthorne's essential devotion to character—and, to a lesser extent in this first book, to theme—at the expense of plot is an indication of his promise as a writer. On the surface, *Fanshawe* is a novel of accelerating and sensational action. Actually it is a study of personality, and the very choice of title, *Fanshawe*, is in point. Furthermore, Hawthorne is aware of the theme of his novel; and he is always ready to sacrifice plot for the benefit either of character or idea. An excellent example is found near the end of the

novel. At the very moment Butler is menacing Ellen at the cave, a rock from the cliff above falls near them. Fanshawe, coming to the rescue, has thrown it. Butler looks up and sees him on top of the crag and mutters "through his closed teeth," "'By Heaven, I will cast him down at her feet!'" He starts to climb the cliff to get at the slender Fanshawe. Now here Hawthorne is faced by a pretty literary problem. When Butler reaches the top of the cliff and grapples with Fanshawe, one of the two men must win, dramatically. Fanshawe has once before stood off Butler by the sheer power of his mesmeric eye but twice would be too much. In any physical fight the scholar would have normally no chance against his enraged and sturdy opponent. So to have Fanshawe win would be thoroughly unrealistic; to have him lose would upset the entire moral structure of the novel. What does Hawthorne do? He vitiates his plot by a spectacular coincidence:

> When within a few feet of the summit, the adventurer grasped at a twig, too slenderly rooted to sustain his weight. It gave way in his hand, and he fell backward down the precipice. His head struck against the less perpendicular part of the rock, whence the body rolled heavily down. . . . There was no life left in him.

The probabilities of plot have been violated but character and theme have stayed secure.

The melodrama in *Fanshawe* must be admitted. So must the literary and historical derivations. Nevertheless, Hawthorne's greatness is foreshadowed through his superior handling of character. The best in *Fanshawe* lies in its characters, and the most memorable character is Hawthorne himself. By way of Fanshawe, Hawthorne poses his own great personal problem and suggests a bitter answer. Hawthorne shows how Fanshawe must choose either a lonely scholar's life or, through force of love for Ellen, a "common occupation." Fanshawe decides in favor of his books—he sees ultimately that it is the only thing he can do—and yet in so doing he commits the unforgivable sin of isolating himself from mankind. Either way he is lost. There is no benign choice in his dilemma and only one way to solve this conflict permanently. Hawthorne himself was not willing to take this way nor in the long run did he need to. But for Fanshawe he could produce the necessary solution: death.

BOOK REVIEWS

John Quincy Adams and the Foundations of American Foreign Policy. By Samuel F. Bemis. (New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1949. Pp. xix, 588, xv. Illustrations. Maps. $7.50.)

In a day of excessive and often premature publication it is a pleasure to read a work of ripe but unobtrusive scholarship, based upon complete mastery of all sources, presented in a polished, workmanlike fashion and offered without claims to any new or daring interpretation. Some twenty years ago, Professor Bemis, even then an outstanding authority in the field, projected a three-volume study of the Foundations of American Foreign Policy, 1775-1823. Only one installment had appeared before the learned author was diverted to different enterprises. Now, with the completion by others of many excellent monographs on the period, he seeks to acquit himself of his commitment with "a diplomatic biography—if such a thing there can be" of "America's greatest diplomatist," of one who "more than any other man of his time . . . was privileged to gather together, formulate and practice the fundamentals of American foreign policy." In short, he offers a life of John Quincy Adams "from boyhood to Presidency against the background of American foreign policy, or a study of American foreign policy against the background of John Quincy Adams." (ix, 567.)

This is not a complete biography of the sixth President. Adams, Professor Bemis maintains, had two careers: one as a diplomat eager for continental expansion and global isolation, the other as a crusader determined to check the spread of slavery. Four years in the White House constituted an interlude between the two. It is the first career that is portrayed in this handsome, pungent volume. The narrative extends beyond 1825 only so far as it is necessary to round out Adams's diplomatic achievements while President. The second phase may be the subject of a later volume. This reviewer sincerely hopes that it will be.

The merits of the book are almost endless. It is the first scholarly life since John T. Morse, Jr., wrote in 1882, and the first of any kind since Bennett Champ Clark's effort of 1932. Clark's subsequent antics as chief baiter for the Nye Committee cast doubts on

his objectivity as an historian. The Bemis biography is the first to get behind the vast printed record of the *Memoirs* and the *Writings*. Thanks to the coöperation of Mr. Henry Adams, 2d, it has been possible to compare the published diary with the original and to exploit a large number of hitherto unused family letters. Thirdly, the tone is excellent. Adams is depicted sympathetically but not eulogistically, and his shortcomings are clearly indicated. No attempt is made to enhance his reputation at the expense of his contemporaries. Monroe remains the master of his cabinet. Gallatin, Calhoun, Rush and Castlereagh, though occasionally criticized, receive full credit for their achievements. Even Clay and Jackson are well spoken of. Crawford, Pickering and George Canning may not be so highly regarded, but the only fools or villains of the piece are Daniel Webster and Jonathan Russell.

Still another virtue is the clear exposition and amazing accuracy. To be sure, even the specialist will find parts of the tome heavy going; for it is impossible to make sparkle such technical problems as "free ships, free goods," the West Indian trade or countless boundary negotiations. But every reader will be thankful for the clarity of statement, and every editor will be impressed by the clean proofreading, the absence of minor slips and the fullness of the documentation, maps and index. The carping may question the use of the term "National Republicans" as early as 1817 or an unexpectedly sharp reference to the leaders of the Hartford Convention, but this reviewer was unable to detect a single serious flaw in the erudite analysis of the many complicated problems that Adams faced.

On the other hand, it must be admitted that there is not very much new in the Bemis account. No important revisions in diplomatic historiography are likely to ensue. The printed diary proved to be trustworthy as to facts but colored, as students have long realized, in judgments on men. The manuscript family letters provided interesting details but no startling secrets. Bemis's conclusions, often arrived at independently, usually approximate those of such scholars as Perkins, Whitaker, Brooks, Arragon, Updyke, Setser and Soulsby. The author reasserts his earlier views on the significance of "Europe's distresses," on the absence of an Atlantic cable in 1812 and on the enormous value for future American development of the Transcontinental Treaty of 1819.

On lesser matters fresh insights abound in almost every chapter. Only a few can be mentioned here. The correspondence between Adams and his father recalls that between Monroe and his two Virginian predecessors in the White House. The peace negotiations at Ghent are described more searchingly and more amusingly than in any previous work. The sketch of the State Department and the diplomatic corps in Washington during the years 1817-1825 is admirable. Constant reference to Congress and Congressional voting reminds the reader that diplomacy does not evolve in a vacuum. Numerous intimate and personal touches make the figure on the canvas of Copley, Stuart and Sully come to life as never before. Finally, the concluding chapter, with its fourteen fundamentals of American foreign policy and Adams's contribution thereto, is stimulating and thought-provoking.

John Quincy Adams would have approved of this biography. Like him, it is blunt, forthright, learned and occasionally opinionated. Superlatives are freely used; picturesque expressions are plentiful; and flashes of grim humor can be seen. The author knows his subject from head to toe, and one is almost tempted to add that he himself is a latter-day approximation of the man about whom he writes.

RICHARD W. LEOPOLD.
Northwestern University.

The Crooked Corridor, A Study of Henry James. By Elizabeth Stevenson. (New York: The Macmillan Company. 1949. Pp. 172. $2.75.)

Henry James and the Expanding Horizon, A Study of the Meaning and Basic Themes of James's Fiction. By Osborn Andreas. (Seattle: University of Washington Press. 1949. Pp. xv, 179. $3.50.)

Henry James and Robert Louis Stevenson, A Record of Friendship and Criticism. Edited by Janet Adam Smith. (London: Rupert Hart-Davis. 1948. Pp. 284. $3.50.)

"The proper study of Henry James," Miss Stevenson asserts in *The Crooked Corridor,* "is the study of his fiction." In support of this view she has sought to write of the novelist from the "inside" —to read the lesson of his fiction and to worry at the elusive "figure

in the carpet" of tale, novelette and novel. This is a valid undertaking, however much we may want to argue about the premise; textual exegesis always is; James himself held that his work was the best revelation of himself. To this task Miss Stevenson brings a robust intelligence and a sharp pen; she is alert, vivacious, sensitive; she has a feeling for the "tone of things" and a sympathy with the civilized complexities of her author. She possesses also that rare quality, a capacity for synthesis. This reviewer concurs with the anonymous authority quoted on the jacket who describes the book as "precise, perceptive, large-minded and lively"—concurs with this exception: "precise" is the last word to be applied to so free-ranging and enthusiastic a little study which, it so happens, is at cross-purposes with itself. Miss Stevenson may be "precise" when it comes to framing her own thoughts; but the book, in design and substance, in the exploration of the texts, in definition and formulation, betrays all the weaknesses of "impressionistic" criticism, which is criticism documented, so to speak, on the run—or, shall we say, criticism executed in chiaroscuro. Miss Stevenson herself resorts to the language of the *atelier* in speaking of having written the book as if looking at a Jamesian landscape from different vantage points.

The author of *The Crooked Corridor* has, in the first place, violated her own rigidly drawn frontiers. If we accept, for a moment, her dictum that the "proper" study of James is his fiction, and if she is reading it from the "inside," why, we can legitimately inquire, has she found it necessary to go "outside"? She begins with a biographical chapter; she draws upon James's correspondence, notebooks, prefaces and autobiographies where it suits her convenience. She speculates freely concerning the material upon which James built his fiction; she discusses his sources and his methods. In a word, she starts out confidently in the direction of the so-called "new criticism" only to turn about and render a distinct (and commendable) curtsey in the direction of biography and history.

Unfortunately it is only a curtsey. The raids for requisite facts across her established frontiers are sporadic, slapdash, made in uncritical haste. Miss Stevenson proposes to do one thing, attempts another—and ends with neither. She has not, for one thing, read even all of James's fiction; nor has she, as her skimpy bibliography

shows, sought out all the pertinent related texts. What she has demonstrated rather conclusively is that the "proper" study of Henry James is, after all, not the mere study of his fiction, but the study of—Henry James.

He wrote his fiction between the Civil War and the First World War, *un vivant parmi les vivants,* his imagination feeding upon the civilization of which he was a part. He also wrote a great and important quantity of nonfiction—travel sketches, fugitive journalism, art and drama criticism, book reviews, literary portraits, plays; he indulged in political reportage (a side of his activity totally neglected by students) and even wrote an account of at least one sports event. And all this, including the give-and-take of innumerable friendships (such as the one richly documented in the volume edited by Janet Adam Smith) served him in the supreme work, the writing of his fiction. He was very much of his world. Miss Stevenson is describing an apocryphal figure when she tells us in her first sentence that "the bent back of a man writing" was the "characteristic" attitude of Henry James for half a century. He spent a regular number of hours at his desk almost daily; he spent many more in the world talking, traveling, taking long walks (a stroll of several miles was usually the rule with him until old age and Mrs. Wharton's ubiquitous motor robbed him of this pleasure); he was sociable and gregarious; he went constantly to the theatre; he was a fabulous diner out and his addiction to good living is testified to by his attacks of gout during the middle years. If anything, the social figure was the characteristic one. It may come as a surprise to some that this robust and energetic Henry James, never the recluse of the study as he has been pictured, made special trips to look at every scene he wrote about—not in the sense of a writer seeking "local color," as the journalists put it, but one whose artistic imagination had to be stimulated by the *felt* and the *observed* reality. It is this human Henry James who stands in the doorway beckoning us to the fiction that sprang from this particular mind in its time and place. The "proper" study of Henry James is thus in a very rich context from which his fiction cannot be isolated.

If I have seemed to be criticizing Miss Stevenson for the things she has said she would do and has not done, I hasten to add that her report on her reading leaves much to be desired. Misspelling

of the names of characters (Farrange for Farange, Mallett for Mallet), allusions to the De Cintrés as the French family in *The American* instead of the Bellegardes, an apparent unawareness of the existence of the uncollected tales or such posthumous volumes as *Traveling Companions* and, more important, of such novels as *The Other House* and *The Outcry* are among the reasons why I rejected the word "precise" at the outset. Illustrative of the traps into which her sketchy research leads her is her speculation that Henry James modelled Mr. Carteret's house in *The Tragic Muse* on Lamb House. Mr. Carteret was created some seven years before James ever set eyes on Lamb House. And is not the speculation gratuitous in any event? He might very well have drawn on half a hundred English houses from Mentmore to Osterley (commemorated in "The Lesson of the Master" and *The High Bid*), Montacute to Midelney, Burford Lodge to Barrington.

Miss Stevenson's egregious errors (she accepts such well-worn inaccuracies as that James had "a late start" or tells us rather glibly that he possessed "freedom anchored incorruptibly in security" when his whole writing career was a struggle against emotional insecurities) are all the more exasperating in one who can write with considerable insight and lucidity. She will have to study James's own advice to critics: "The critic worth his salt is indiscreetly curious and wants ever to know how and why. . . ." Miss Stevenson has thrown away the how and the why and her book is accordingly deficient.

Mr. Andreas in *Henry James and the Expanding Horizon* has produced the exact antithesis of *The Crooked Corridor*. Miss Stevenson's book, studded with trivial error and perverse in method, is eminently readable, disarmingly so. Mr. Andreas is meticulous and methodical—and virtually unreadable. He writes as if he were compiling a bank statement or an intelligence report. He has read all of James's fiction studiously and conducted an elaborate inventory of its thematic content and he has remained well within his carefully-defined frontiers. However, his categories are often arbitrary; and in seeking to reduce each work to its basic theme he fails to recognize the crisscrossing of themes in the fiction of Henry James. For instance, the theme of "Daisy Miller" for him is not "international" so much as a story of people "meddling" in an-

other person's life. This no doubt is the most important element in the story; but it does not exclude other elements and other themes, notably those represented by the frosty Winterbourne. One has a feeling reading Mr. Andreas that he has often arrived at a more subtle understanding of James's patterns of fantasy (I use the term in the psychiatric or day-dream sense) than most of his critical predecessors, but lacking the means to communicate his insights he gave us the contents of his card index rather than a synthesis of his observations and discoveries.

The volume devoted to James and Robert Louis Stevenson is the record of a friendship of two writers of widely different temper and art, deeply respectful of each other's skills and deeply attached to one another. Janet Adam Smith has put together all the available letters which passed between the two as well as James's essays on Stevenson and James's classic rejoinder to Walter Besant on the art of fiction, together with Robert Louis Stevenson's rejoinder to Henry James. She has all the virtues of a discreet editor: scrupulously careful of fact, addicted to a minimum of speculation (and then only on the basis of sifted evidence) and painstaking in her quest for her materials. Further research is likely to bring forth some other letters and to show that the two writers met several years before the date fixed by Miss Smith. But it is inevitable that a compendium of this kind can never be definitive, given the fact that the documents needed by Miss Smith are scattered far and wide.

What emerges from the book above all is the warm, free affection that flowed between the two craftsmen. Urbane, witty, gentle, filled with courtesies, elegant, the letters are models of high-flown literary amenity in the era before the telegram and the telephone. Miss Smith's introduction, compact, balanced, cogent, exemplifies the criticism that reposes upon the established and the assimilated fact. It is obvious that the ideal editor of such a volume should be a Jekyll-and-Hyde scholar who is both a Stevensonian and a Jamesian. Failing that Miss Smith, a Stevensonian, has taken pains to document herself copiously in the Jamesian field. The result is a sunny little volume reflecting the play of two sympathetic and creative minds illuminated by exemplary editing.

LEON EDEL.

New York City.

Art and Life in America. By Oliver W. Larkin. (New York: Rinehart and Company. 1949. Pp. xviii, 547. $7.95.)

It is unfortunate that several reviews of this excellent and much needed book have been used by their authors as occasions for statements of private prejudice not very relevant to the book as a whole. Let it be said from the outset that *Art and Life in America* is essential for all college courses in American art, invaluable as an illustrated manual for courses in American history and civilization, and most informative and enjoyable for the layman. It is not only the "finest general history of the visual arts in America that has yet been written," to quote an unbiased reviewer, but it is to all intents and purposes the only one, because the sole possible competitors, Suzanne LaFollette's *Art in America* (1929) and the survey of the same title edited by Alfred Barr and Holgar Cahill (1934), are not so encyclopedic, are much less ambitious in purpose and are greatly outdated, especially since recent scholarship in American art has grown in geometric proportion. Professor Larkin has taken advantage of every important piece of research and has shown extraordinary diligence in searching out sources of material in fields other than art history. The bibliographical notes cover thirty-one pages and comprise a most useful body of reference for the student of American art and of art as it is related to American life. There are 415 illustrations, excellent in quality considering their number in relation to the convenient size and reasonable price of the book. The author has taken pains to get the best reproductions possible, in many cases going to original engravings. Everyone has his personal favorites among pictures and buildings, and every teacher his most telling examples, but this reviewer found very little in the choice of illustrations with which to quarrel. In general the most significant and the most typical examples were chosen.

The comprehensiveness of the text is remarkable. It includes not only works of art long accepted or newly acclaimed, but also those whose reputation has become tarnished or forgotten, because the author is concerned not only with art for its own sake but also for its relevance to American life. Professor Larkin's thoroughness extends to contemporary art where it is difficult to do justice to a large group of works ranging from the conventionalized veri-

similitudes of a Paul Sample to the svelte abstractions of a Rice Pereira. On the whole the author preserves a judicious neutrality, though a few preferences make themselves felt, preventing the author's catholicity from being colorless.

Of course this comprehensiveness is accompanied by the danger that significant material will be lost in the richness of the detail. The fact that space is given equally to works of artistic merit and to those whose importance is sociological could be confusing to the uninformed. For instance, the only early Winslow Homer which is illustrated shares its lyricism with the chatty banalities of Woodville and John W. Ehninger. Yet this is a small matter if its correction would have entailed the minimizing of the discussion of the historical and social milieux of the works of art. Especially successful are the summaries of the various periods, recalling Parrington's in their ability to evoke an era. Among the best of these are the descriptions of the Chicago World's Fair and the Armory Show, events which were to influence so strongly the artistic taste of ensuing decades.

The most significant parts of the book, however, are found in the enlightened treatment of the "new configurations"—to use Constance Rourke's phrase—given to the European tradition by the American environment. This is true both of organic modern architecture, and of the "folk" or vernacular work of the earlier craftsmen and builders. A perusal of these sections of the book would leave very few readers with an impression of "the melancholy meagreness of our achievement," to quote one reviewer. On the contrary, Larkin's treatment of the work of the school which begins with Richardson and Sullivan and culminates in Frank Lloyd Wright makes clear that this is the most original creative force in architecture today, with its traditions going back to the New England transcendentalists (as has been suggested by F. O. Matthiessen in his *American Renaissance,* and further emphasized by the republication of essays by that remarkable prophet of organic functionalism, Horatio Greenough). Equally convincing and meaningful is the discussion of "primitive" artists and unacademic builders who until recent years have been ignored as incompetent or as mere craftsmen. A Feke and an Earle tried hard to be English but by some alchemy of environment they remain stylistically American. Now, a hundred years later, we realize how just were

Emerson's feelings when he wrote "I cannot hide from myself that there is a certain paltryness as of toys and the trumpery of the theatre in sculpture." For he was describing that "white marmoreal flock" by the pedestrian neoclassic sculptors, which in their eclectic emptiness stand in such contrast to the vivacious works of the gravestone carvers and the makers of figureheads. In Larkin's book the Shaker meetinghouses and barns have their place with the state capitols and banks, and the limners like Jonathan Fisher and William Jennys are given their due along with Trumbull and Gilbert Stuart.

A word in conclusion should be said for the wit and pertinence of the author's subtitles. These are consistent with the readability of the book as a whole, a quality all the more remarkable in a work which is so nearly encyclopedic in scope.

SAMUEL M. GREEN.
Wesleyan University.

The Public Records of the State of Connecticut, from May 1789 through October 1792. Compiled by Leonard Woods Labaree, State Historian. (Hartford: Published by the State. 1948. Pp. xviii, 647.)

The volume under consideration covers a period conterminus with the first administration of President Washington during which Connecticut relinquished some sovereign rights and settled down as a State within the Union. Few mandatory, statutory or organic changes were entailed. Arrangements were made to elect United States senators, to increase the State's representation in Congress to seven members on the basis of the census of 1790, to revise the militia act, and to cede the lighthouse at New London to the Federal Government. Fisheries, ferries, inspection of articles of commerce, and the navigation of the Connecticut River continued to be objects of legislation.

The records set forth the ordinary routine business of an agrarian community of 238,000 souls whose legislature was concerned with land titles, schools, debtor relief, town limits, toll roads, the incorporation of cities, prisons, crimes and punishments, lotteries as a "bingo-wild" means of financing road-building as well as charitable and religious programs, the appointment of militia and

judicial officers, and the incorporation of the Hartford, New Haven, and New London banks which still serve their clientele. A divorce was granted for adultery; a Hartford worthy's accounts were scrutinized; a Negro, who had purchased his freedom by labor and thrift, was emancipated; and Indians were given some consideration. Public conduct remained exemplary. Items of absorbing interest to social historians are few. Indeed there was little evidence of racial changes in the population, as yet unaffected by immigration, of any latent radicalism stemming from the Revolution or the postwar depression, or of returning prosperity in view of petitions of debtors for relief. A half million acres of lands in the unseceded Erie-Huron area of the Western Reserve were allotted to 1870 claimants for compensatory damages for alleged war losses caused by British depredations.

The records "are impressively silent" on the dozen proposed amendments to the Federal Constitution though the editor has contributed an account of their legislative progress and indefinite postponement. Apparently a State which ratified the Constitution without offering liberalizing amendments was unafraid of Federalism and unconcerned about a Bill of Rights. The local Congregational churches were unshaken by the denial of any authority to the Federal Government to impose any religious test as a qualification for holding a federal office or public trust or to pass any law "respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." Liberals and religious dissenters, however, caught the current fever, decried mere toleration as an objective of conscience, and initiated the long struggle for complete religious and political emancipation. Bitter were the religious dissensions and socio-political tensions as the editor has made clear by references to the contemporary press and to monographs which touch various phases of the conflict. The bare legislative records include: the inadequate acts of 1791 to relieve Christian dissenters; the Baptist complaint against the building-costs of a Congregational Church in New Salem; the compromise by which Yale College was granted financial assistance with a moiety of state control through representation on the governing corporation; the resolution ordering a collection in all the churches for the maintenance of Congregational missionaries in the northern and western parts of the United States regardless of the reasonable opposition of dissenters;

and a slight liberalization of old laws relative to the movement of men from town to town and from outside the States and their settlement in the towns. The "half-way" certificate-laws preserved many dissenters from the payment of tithes to the Established Church which had been forced to make reluctant concessions, but the revised statutes did not disestablish the old order, separate organized religion from state control, or abandon the old practice, or principle, that every person should support the Christian religion.

In conformity with earlier volumes in the series, the editorial work is superbly finished, for which proper recognition should be accorded to the State Historian and his staff. The value of this work should be obvious to state officials, people who appreciate bygone years, and to local historians and genealogists.

Washington, D. C. RICHARD J. PURCELL.

The Forming of an American Tradition: A Re-Examination of Colonial Presbyterianism. By Leonard J. Trinterud. (Philadelphia: The Westminster Press. 1949. Pp. 352. $6.50.)

The author of this remarkable book has traced in great detail the effect of the Great Awakening on the Presbyterian Church in America. The Awakening split the Church into two groups: the Old Side dominated by the Scotch-Irish ministers of Pennsylvania, and the New Side dominated by the ministers of New England extraction from New Jersey and New York. When the schism was healed in 1758, the Old Side was dying a natural death. The New Side, with the evangelical fervor of the Awakening behind it, had grown rapidly and was pouring out new recruits for the ministry every year from the college it had founded at Princeton. The terms of the reunion of 1758 amounted to a victory for the New Englanders of the New Side, and the form given to the church at that time was the form which they provided.

In spite of this victory the influence of New England in the Presbyterian Church lasted for only a decade more. The huge immigration of Scotch-Irish Presbyterians into the back-country of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and the Carolinas inevitably swung the Church's center of gravity southward. At the same time, Witherspoon be-

came President of Princeton and transferred the university's intellectual allegiance from New England to Scotland. "By the close of the Revolutionary War," writes Professor Trinterud, "the Presbyterian Church of the new nation was to be so apparently a Scotch-Irish Church that later generations were to assume that it had always been such."

This re-examination of colonial Presbyterianism results in a great many new insights into colonial Protestantism in general. Perhaps the most significant is the close association which Professor Trinterud reveals between the New Lights of New England and the New Side Presbyterians of the middle colonies. Not only did New Englanders enter the Presbyterian ministry in such large numbers as to dominate the synods, but Jonathan Edwards and his disciples Bellamy and Hopkins were more honored among the Presbyterians than they were at home. When Edwards was forced out of Northampton, Samuel Davies nearly succeeded in getting him to take a church in Virginia. Later the New Side made Edwards president of their university, and when he died replaced him first by Samuel Davies and then by Samuel Finley, both admirers of Edwards' theology. The New York Presbyterians tried to bring Bellamy there. And the failure of the New Side to get Hopkins named Professor of Theology at Princeton in 1766 marked the beginning of their decline.

This community of interest between the New Side Presbyterians and the New Lights of New England serves to emphasize the book's only serious defect, its treatment of theology. Even here the discussion is based upon a thorough reading of the Presbyterian sources. The great deficiency is a neglect of the New England theologians whose influence the author has so amply demonstrated. Professor Trinterud minimizes the theological differences between Old Side and New Side and classifies both as falling within the old Federal Theology. It may well be that the New Side ministers used the vocabulary of Federal Theology, but their admiration for Edwards and the other exponents of the New Divinity makes it impossible to designate them as followers of Federal Theology. The New Divinity was a direct repudiation of Federal Theology.

This failure to delineate the precise theological issues between Old Side and New Side makes it impossible to assess the full meaning of the Presbyterians' departure from the New Divinity under

Witherspoon. What exactly was the contribution of the New Englanders to the permanent tradition of the Presbyterian Church? What mark of their influence did the Church retain when it swung away from them? These are difficult questions at best, and they cannot be answered without a consideration of the New England theology. If the author, as we may hope, is to continue his study into the nineteenth century, such a consideration becomes even more crucial, for the Plan of Union of 1801 introduced a New England element into the church once again, and once again the result was a conflict between the traditional theology and the New England theology.

None of these criticisms is meant to suggest that the book is not of great significance. Professor Trinterud has defined the problems which scholars in this field will have to contend with for perhaps a generation. Besides writing the most perceptive and most comprehensive account of the Presbyterian Church he has provided the materials for a new understanding of the Great Awakening and of the social and intellectual history both of New England and of the middle colonies in the eighteenth century.

EDMUND S. MORGAN.

Brown University.

History of Naugatuck, Connecticut. By Constance McL. Green. (New Haven: Yale University Press. 1949. Pp. vii, 283. $4.00.)

Mrs. Green's earlier book on Holyoke, Massachusetts, demonstrated her capacity to write intelligently and with real insight on the history of a New England manufacturing town. In her present study of Naugatuck she shows the same command of her local materials and the same ability to place the community's history in its proper setting in the larger movement towards the urbanization and industrialization of America in general and southern New England in particular.

Naugatuck began as an agricultural offshoot of Waterbury in 1702. Later created an ecclesiastical society, it became a separate town in 1844. The presence of several small streams flowing into the Naugatuck River provided an early impetus for the beginnings of industrial enterprise. By the close of the American Revolution, when "the day of Yankee notions" dawned, local men had

acquired the necessary mechanical skill and were ready to take their place in the new movement. During the era of small shops, lasting until about the middle of the nineteenth century, they produced a variety of wares—nails, buttons, table forks, clocks, and hoes, to name the most important—which peddlers loaded into packs or onto horseback and distributed in an ever-widening area throughout the state and the nation.

Industrial expansion on a larger scale began in 1843 when Charles Goodyear, a former resident, convinced a group of local men of the feasibility of using vulcanized rubber for shoes. The company they formed, later called The Goodyear's Metallic Rubber Shoe Company, now an important division of the United States Rubber Company, was destined in time to make the town a leading center of the American rubber industry. Naugatuck, however, never became a one-industry town. At one time or another cutlery, textiles, malleable iron, chemicals, and scientific recording instruments have been important in the community's economic life. Most recently, radio advertising has made the entire nation familiar with one of the town's most successful products, Peter Paul's candy bars.

Mrs. Green traces the development of this industrial growth through the years in non-technical language and with commendable independence of judgment. She discusses frankly but fairly such delicate questions as labor relations and the effect on the community of absentee-ownership in the case of the modern rubber industry. She makes no attempt to deny that the growth of factories has destroyed much of the beauty once characteristic of the river's banks and has created social and economic problems which the town has not fully solved. She is able to point out, however, that there has been less class and group antagonism in Naugatuck than in many other industrial centers, even though here as elsewhere residents of old New England stock have come to be vastly outnumbered by factory workers of more recent immigrant strains. Her discussion of such topics as local government, education, and social organization is straightforward and honest, giving credit where credit is due, but not hesitating to point to difficulties and even occasional backwardness. Most important of all, her knowledge of other industrial communities and her understanding of the development of American society in general enable her to

project the account and analysis of Naugatuck's history against the wider background and to give real significance to her interpretation of a single community's past. This is truly the way in which local history should be presented.

The book was written at the request and under the sponsorship of the Naugatuck Chamber of Commerce. That the result is such a discerning and honest treatment is a tribute to the courage and public-spiritedness of the sponsors as well as to the historical breadth and insight of the author.

LEONARD W. LABAREE.

Yale University.

Evolution and the Founders of Pragmatism. By Philip P. Wiener. With a foreword by John Dewey. (Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1949. Pp. xiv, 288. $5.00.)

Professor Wiener agrees with Professor R. B. Perry that "the origins of pragmatism are obscure." But no reader of his careful inquiry can be left with the slightest doubt that somehow this most influential of all recent American philosophies emerged from "an informal gathering of minds of diverse interests . . . brought together in the university town of Cambridge, Massachusetts, during the early 1870's by a common philosophical concern with the tremendous impact of evolution on scientific and social thinking." In the later collection of C. S. Peirce, and seemingly nowhere else, this loose aggregation of his associates constituted "The Metaphysical Club." Its "members" formed two groups: "one trained in the natural sciences (Chauncey Wright, Peirce, William James), the other in historical and legal studies (John Fiske, Nicholas St. John Green, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., Joseph B. Warner); but all were interested students of philosophy and animatedly discussed the broader implications of evolution." The result was a bewildering variety of pragmatisms: scientific, historical, psychological, ethical, and legal.

Yet all six or seven of the founders manifested certain common tendencies neatly summarized by the author as characteristic of the pragmatic approach (and legacy to our day): (1) an empirical respect for the complexity of existence requiring a plurality of concepts to do it justice; (2) an emphasis upon the ineluctable per-

vasiveness of temporal change; (3) an insistence upon the relativism of categories and standards to human minds; (4) an assertion of the contingency and fallibility of hard-gained experimental knowledge; and (5) an affirmation of the democratic freedom of the individual inquirer as an indispensable condition of future social evolution.

The individual permutations and combinations of temperaments and interests from which these common pragmatic attitudes emerged are skillfully and sympathetically delineated by Professor Wiener. The two main poles of crystallization seem to have been a hard scientific positivism exemplified by the uncompromising Chauncey Wright, and a crusading zeal for the rights of individuals displayed by James and Holmes and Green. What they lacked in logical consistency, these founding fathers of pragmatism made up in "grandeur of vision" and enthusiasm for functional thinking. Theirs was a *logica utens*, applied by Peirce in philosophy, by James in psychology, and by Holmes in the law. Professor Wiener's able exposition should scotch forever the delusion that pragmatism began as "crass opportunism, subordinating truth to cash value, the ideology of 'Wall Street imperialists.'" On the contrary, "the high ethical quality" and "truly religious fervor" of its New England originators stood in stark opposition to the "materialistic opportunism of either an egotistic or totalitarian variety." Seven appendices to the book include valuable biographical data concerning Wright, Green, and Warner, and two unpublished fragments by Peirce.

HAROLD A. LARRABEE.

Union College.

The Theory of American Literature. By Howard Mumford Jones. (Ithaca, N. Y.: Cornell University Press. 1948. Pp. ix, 208. $2.75.)

One of the paradoxes of American cultural history is the fact that from the mid-eighteenth century, Americans have shown acute concern for the development of a peculiarly American literature, yet until around 1900 few writers or teachers had felt the history of this literature to be worthy of serious study. We all know how the Revolutionary fervor led to excited demands for a suitably patriotic literature, and to many effusions designed to answer these demands. John Trumbull besought his fellow poetasters to

> Prove to the world, in these new-dawning skies,
> What genius kindles and what arts arise;
> What fav'ring Muses lent their willing aid. . . .

And the Connecticut Wits poured out a spate of imitative poems demonstrating America's poetic liberation.

For over a century this pattern was followed with minor variations. We can recall the series of pleas that rang forth monotonously down to 1914—from Emerson, Whitman, Howells, Garland, Norris, Van Wyck Brooks, to mention only a few of the most notable—for a true, unimitative, moral, idealistic, realistic, democratic, American literature. The pleaders were not content with mere exhortation; most of them and many of their fellow authors consciously strove to create literature that they considered distinctively American. Never since mid-eighteenth century has there been a shortage of American writing.

Yet few of us can name any histories of American literature before 1900, except those of Tyler and Stedman. The continuous hubbub was not accompanied by patient attempts to chronicle the efforts made by preceding artists. Mr. Jones's appendix, a "selected list of works on the history and philosophy of American literature," lists 146 items. Of these only ten were published before 1890, only two in the thirty-seven years between 1848 and 1885. Even with the rapid growth of interest after 1890, culminating in the extraordinary flowering just before World War I, there was apparently but one professor of American literature in the American colleges until 1917.

The Theory of American Literature is a study of American literary histories, and of the idea of literary history in this country down to the present day. The first half is perforce an account of the development of attitudes toward a native literature. With his usual erudition, Mr. Jones demonstrates that the somewhat frenetic concern with the production of a great American literature for the great republican country that marked the first half of the nineteenth century was not mere chauvinism, but in part at least stimulated and given its peculiar forms by European cultural romanticists like Madame de Stael. After the Civil War the earlier Anglophobia gave place to a rash of racist doctrines, through which we crowed over our Anglo-Saxon heritage, dreamed about primitive democracy in Teutonic forests, and in our schools and colleges

demanded "English" and Anglo-Saxon and philological disciplines.

Thus examination of our own literary history was continually shortcircuited in one way or another until what we might call modern times. Then, Brooks's excited denunciations of our inhospitality to art were accompanied by histories by John Macy and F. L. Pattee, histories which though they seem somewhat jejune today broke the ground for the studies that marked the twenties and every decade since. These later histories Mr. Jones analyzes with sympathy and insight, acknowledging the values of such one-sided accounts as those by Calverton, Lewisohn, and Hicks. And he treats Parrington as the great work that it is, in happy contrast to the present fashion of damning it with faint praise and hiding it on the bottom shelf beside Barrett Wendell.

The author does not pretend to a final analysis here of the problem of how to write American literary history. But he gives a valuable preliminary study and raises the right questions. The results of the wide research that went into the first part of the book are presented with felicity and wit. And the whole is as lively and provocative as are all of Mr. Jones's writings.

JOHN LYDENBERG.

Hobart College.

The Story of Bar Harbor. By Richard W. Hale, Jr. (New York: Ives, Washburn, Inc. 1949. Pp. 259. $3.00.)

The Story of Bar Harbor is an "informal" local history which should make interesting reading for Mount Desert's many enthusiasts. Written by a professional historian who has the added advantage of knowing his locale intimately from years of summer association, this volume successfully avoids the narrow provincialism so common in works of this nature; while a generous amount of local detail is included, the author never loses sight of the relation of the community to its region and to the nation. The book is of an ideal length—it can be read at a single sitting—and contains eighteen well-selected illustrations and an attractive map.

The author has made a praiseworthy attempt to stick close to original sources; as a result, the treatment is a fresh one. At the same time, the smell of microfilm and old documents is pretty strong in places, especially in the first half of the volume. When the

author says (p. 24): "It is meaningless to talk of Sir Humphrey Gilbert and De Roberval, as it is meaningless to talk of Alfonsec or Thevet, Walker or Ferdinando, Pring or Hanham, as really affecting the history of the town," the reader wishes he wouldn't. And references to "Flatey Books" and "Hauksboks," to "moots" and "Althings" should have been relegated to the footnotes. The book is most successful when the author lays aside his research paraphernalia and writes of the Bar Harbor he knows from personal experience.

This volume falls into two parts, each of which is given approximately the same amount of space—the period before the Civil War, when Bar Harbor (then Eden) had little to distinguish it from other settlements on the coast of eastern Maine; and the period since 1865, when it acquired its international reputation. This reviewer found the first half of the book a disappointment and believes the author made a serious error in judgment in electing to concentrate so much of his space on the early period; the second half, on the other hand, is delightful reading and definitely redeems the volume.

The story of the development of the Bar Harbor summer colony is the most effective part of the book. Here the treatment becomes truly informal, while a wise and highly entertaining selection of quotations from contemporary diaries and letters enlivens the pages. Accounts of the intriguing practice of "rocking," of the construction of the Green Mountain Railway, of the problems of sewage disposal, of the establishment of Lafayette National Park under the inspired leadership of George Bucknam Dorr, and of many other developments are handled with skill and charm. The author's description of the Great Fire of 1947 is vivid and balanced; and the discipline with which the community mobilized itself to meet this catastrophe must always remain a great source of local pride. However much one might like to learn the gossip about the Rockefellers, Atwater Kents, Stotesburys, *et al.*, one respects the author's decision to omit mention of recent personalities. Fortunately, it was possible to write of the feud between the late Richard W. Hale, Senior, and Harold Ickes; the story of how Mr. Hale smoked out the old curmudgeon and forced him to pay rent for the government-owned house in Lafayette National Park which he had appropriated is a classic.

Approximately the first third of the book is taken up with discussion of events which occurred before the first permanent settlers arrived on Mount Desert. A large part of this material deals, in reality, with the history of the island generally, if not Eastern Maine as a whole. With the exception of the Cadillac Grant and present-day place names, the influence of these happenings on the town of Bar Harbor was nil. The author takes time to prove that neither the Norsemen nor the Cabots saw Mount Desert; his chapter on Feudal Acadia is really a summary of seventeenth-century events in Eastern Maine; and there are further digressions on the *Margueretta* episode, the proposed province of New Ireland, and the development of the New England town. Had the material dealing with events prior to 1760 been covered in a single short introductory chapter, the bulk of the book could then have been devoted to the story of the town itself.

The connection between the future Bar Harbor and the Bingham land speculation in Maine was an intimate one. When Henry Knox and William Duer first purchased their two million odd acres of land in Maine in 1791, they also acquired, through their agent, General Henry Jackson of Boston, the De Gregoire grant of the eastern half of Mount Desert and most of Trenton. This purchase from De Gregoire was to provide access to the sea from their interior holdings. When William Bingham of Philadelphia took over the Knox-Duer contract in 1793, he acquired the Mount Desert property as well, and it has been managed by his heirs ever since. Inasmuch as the Bingham speculation involved many of the first families of Philadelphia, the House of Baring and Hope in Europe, leading Massachusetts politicians like Harrison Gray Otis, not to mention an assortment of French emigrés, it was no ordinary venture. *The Story of Bar Harbor* virtually ignores this enterprise, and what mention is made of it is inaccurate. For example, General Henry Jackson is referred to as "one George Jackson" (p. 95) and it is said that Bingham "went broke" (p. 97), when he lived and died one of the wealthiest men in the United States. Since the story of this speculation is easily available in secondary works, these omissions and inaccuracies are surprising. Certainly a venture of such magnitude and scope deserves a page or two of accurate treatment.

Despite other claims to fame, Bar Harbor will always be known

primarily as a summer resort. In view of the admirable account of the development of the summer colony in the space allotted to it, it is to be regretted that the author did not devote a much greater proportion of his space to this aspect of his subject.

FREDERICK S. ALLIS, JR.
Phillips Academy, Andover.

Postal Markings of Boston, Massachusetts to 1890. By Maurice C. Blake and Wilbur W. Davis. (Portland: Severn-Wylie-Jewett Company. 1949. Pp. xvii, 367. $7.50.)

This book is the outstanding contribution of recent years in the field of American postal history. The work was started more than a decade ago by a group from the Boston Philatelic Society but was completed under the joint authorship of Maurice C. Blake and Wilbur W. Davis.

The title does not convey a complete idea of the subject matter and scope of the book. Not only does it contain an outline of important events in the history of the Boston Post Office from 1639 and a tracing of every known marking used to 1890, but it contains also a complete and authentic tabulation of postal rates used in this country during the period covered.

The first post office in America was established at Boston. ". . . Richard Fairbanks his house in Boston is the place appointed for all letters which are brought from beyond the seas, or are to be sent thither." (1639)—a scant twenty years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. Most of the letters of the colonial period were business or official communications, many of them from overseas addressed to seaports along the coast. Postal rates were too high for the average person to send letters about family affairs.

As the colonies expanded and settlements increased, so did the means of communication. Boston became a thriving port and was a central point from which post roads radiated to outlying hamlets and to the more distant colonies. At first the mail was carried on foot along a trail through the woods. Then trails were widened and post riders on horseback made their trips on regular schedule. Trails became roads and stagecoaches carried the mails with increasing frequency and security. The first mail to reach Boston by railroad was in 1835. From then on expansion was rapid. Rail lines were built to Portland, to Montreal, to the south and west.

With this growth came cheaper postal rates and an increased volume of mail. The record of all this expansion is reflected in the postal markings used at the Boston Office. Some three thousand markings are illustrated for the period covered by this book. The authors devote separate sections to ship letters, mail routes to foreign countries, railway mail, private local posts, carrier collection and Boston branch offices.

Such a history might seem to be of only local interest, but in addition to the record of the Boston Office the book contains the most complete tabulation of domestic postal rates that has been assembled in a single volume to date. This information is of invaluable assistance to collectors of original covers. Interest in this field is increasing and will become more widespread now that reliable data are available. Presented in tables covering successive periods and various postal uses, the rates are readily accessible. All of this information is from original sources and has been carefully checked.

It is of interest to note that the authors advance no theory of their own to explain some of the problems that still remain unsolved. They present the facts as far as they are known but do not indulge in speculation. The whole volume reflects painstaking research and sound scholarship.

No review of this valuable book would be complete without some mention of the excellent work done by the publishers and printers. Paper and typography are of the best and the arrangement of the many illustrations could not be more convenient. It is a book that should be on library reference shelves as well as on the desk of every collector of American covers.

ARTHUR R. DAVIS.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Foundations of the Public Library. By Jesse H. Shera. (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1949. Pp. 308. $5.00.)

According to the subtitle, the book is about "The Origins of the Public Library Movement in New England, 1629-1855." The public library as we know it today emerged only in the last twenty-five years of the period; so the early developments spread out over two hundred years. Rightly enough, the larger part of the volume is devoted to the ancestors of the modern public library.

The most significant of these, the author shows, was the social library, the beginnings of which go back to the early eighteenth century. Franklin regarded the Library Company of Philadelphia, which he founded in 1731, as "the mother of all the North American subscription libraries." A number of other social libraries were established during the next fifty years, but only after the 1780's did they really become the vogue. Many of them were small, few possessing more than three hundred titles; nevertheless, some of the larger libraries later developed from them. "It is not an exaggeration to say," Professor Shera writes, "that this network of social libraries was more than a forerunner of the public library pattern—it *was* a public library system based on the ability of the patron to pay for the services he received." The social libraries were pointed in the direction of current reading; their emphasis was on history, biography, travel, and fiction.

Coexistent with them were the circulating libraries, which were similar to the rental libraries of today. Often these were operated in conjunction with other businesses, such as dry-goods stores, millinery shops, and, mainly, book stores. Run for profit only, they closely reflected the popular reading tastes. None of them became the nucleus of a public library; yet by the nineteenth century few communities of importance were without at least one.

The author discusses at length the establishment of the first public libraries in the 1830's, those of Peterborough, New Hampshire, Salisbury, Connecticut, and Wayland, Massachusetts; and then the organization of the Boston Public Library which, because of its size and importance, defined the type and became a model for other public libraries. The trend in New England appears to him "a local manifestation of a world movement that swept over Europe in a great wave of humanitarianism, benevolence, and desire for improvement." Much of the subject has been covered by Mr. Ditzion's recent *Arsenals of a Democratic Culture*, and it is no little praise for Mr. Shera that he has been able to make a fresh contribution.

Indeed, the volume is based on extensive research, on the examination of innumerable library records, acts and proceedings of legislative bodies, writings of men engaged in library promotion, and contemporary newspaper accounts. This reviewer has come across only one passage which lacks documentation. In discussing

the activities of colonial booksellers, the author maintains that "the works of the French philosophers Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, and the Encyclopedists, as well as the latest scientific and historical treatises from Great Britain, were purchased by the colonists with promptness at prices that were generally reasonable." The statement is not only positive but implies detailed information. A search through booksellers' catalogs and advertisements in newspapers may yield proofs; but so far no one seems to have undertaken the job, and until some evidence is produced one cannot accept the assertion as valid, even though, in a general form, it has appeared many times before in print. The fact that John Adams, for instance, had to acquire all his books of the *philosophes* while residing in France inclines the present writer to further doubts on the matter.

The author's preoccupation with the interrelations between the library movement and the general social, economic, and cultural conditions greatly adds to the value of the book. But precisely from this angle, the treatment of private libraries is somewhat perfunctory. Professor Shera thinks that the social libraries resembled the private collections of individual scholars, and he refers to the libraries of Matthew Robinson of Hopewell, Narragansett, and of Colonel Daniel Updike of Newport, which, too, were strong in literature, history, and the political controversies of the day. But while it is undoubtedly true that "the social libraries . . . were nothing more than private libraries of like-minded people," there were some people who were not "like-minded" and would not have fitted in with any group. In other words, the generalization leaves out the most outstanding private collections. Of course, the field of private libraries in colonial times has not been sufficiently explored as yet; however, there have been some extremely valuable studies, such as Thomas G. Wright's *Literary Culture in Early New England* and Julius H. Tuttle's notes on and lists of the Mather libraries, which should have been presented.

In this connection—without forgetting that the book is about public and not private libraries—one cannot help noting that the author omits any mention of the library of John Adams, the largest of his time in New England and the second or third largest in America; and that he has only a few words to say about the library of Thomas Prince, the nature of which is further obscured by the

remark that "such as he were obviously hampered by inadequate resources, particularly in the scarcity of scholarly libraries" in the writing of history. Modern scholars, unless working in one of the great book centers of the country, may justly envy Thomas Prince for having had at his elbow such an abundance of firsthand material.

The volume opens with the words "Plymouth Rock . . . ," the whole introductory chapter being devoted to the geology, climatology, physiography, and agriculture, commerce, manufacturing, etc., of New England. The space might have been used to greater advantage for a brief description of the library of Elder Brewster, which with its four hundred volumes equalled the one bequeathed by John Harvard to the new college; or of that of John Winthrop the Younger, which supposedly exceeded a thousand titles. One may also suggest that a discussion of Governor Bradford's *History* and polemical writings, with their references to Plato, Seneca, Calvin, Whittingham, and dozens of other writers, or Governor Winthrop's *Journal*, with its many passages of a distinct economic and political philosophy, would have been more relevant than speculation about the effects of glaciation upon the region.

It is no mere fault-finding to point out that in this same chapter the word "pattern," with one adjective or another, appears nearly a dozen times. Unfortunately, the excessive use of the term is symptomatic, reflecting the tendency of a school. So is the author's predilection for composite pictures, expressed in percentages. Like many another volume in the series of "Studies in Library Science" issued by the University of Chicago, the book suffers from an overconsciousness of being "scientific."

However, these reservations should not lessen our indebtedness to Mr. Shera for his able and illuminating work.

ZOLTÁN HARASZTI.
Boston Public Library.

Cape Cod Summer. By Eleanor Early. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1949. Pp. xx, 306. $3.00.)

It's an Old Cape Cod Custom. By Edwin Valentine Mitchell. (New York: The Vanguard Press. 1949. Pp. 242. $3.00.)

Miss Early's well-known guide books to Paris, Boston, Washington and other cities (and a number of countries as well) have been

a boon to tourists for years. It is possible, though, that a born and bred Parisian might squirm a little on reading *So You're Going to Paris.*

So it is with this book about Cape Cod—a revised and expanded edition of Miss Early's previous volume, *And This is Cape Cod.* If you live in Kansas and are visiting the Cape for the first time, the book will be useful. It will tell you something about each of the towns, where to eat and what to see (though if you look in Orleans for Latham's [p. 202] you will look in vain). But to those who have any feeling for the Cape, the author's inaccuracies and her flippant style are offensive. No mad hermit lives on Sandy Neck (p. 25). Miss Early should have discovered that Cape Cod Bay was never "filled with the white-winged ships of the clipper fleet" (p. 75), and she should have straightened out her badly confused views about shore-whaling and long-voyage whaling (pp. 96, 97). Her imagination, always lively, ran away with her when she wrote of figureheads of clipper ships over barn doors (p. 154), and of passing wrecks of a tramp along Monomoy (p. 160). Those familiar with the Bay side of the Cape will wonder where along that shore Miss Early saw "huge icy breakers rolling in from the sea" (p. 172). Vessels did not sail out of Cotuit for Bombay or Calcutta (p. 187); they headed for Nantucket, New Bedford or New York instead. There are no rocks offshore at Chatham (p. 160).

And so it goes. It is hard to believe that the author has any real interest in her subject, or she would have been at greater pains to get her facts straight. But the newcomer can learn something from the book, if he sticks to the contemporary scene and skips Miss Early's flashbacks into history.

Mr. Mitchell's *It's an Old Cape Cod Custom* is a book of quite a different sort. It deals, in a chapter apiece, with such characteristic Cape Cod activities as Seafaring, Fishing, Whaling, and Mooncussing. There are other chapters about old Windmills, Cranberry-growing, Antiques, and Sandwich Glass. Each topic is handled competently and with unusual accuracy.

It would be hard, however, to turn up much that is new in these well-plowed fields. Realizing this, Mr. Mitchell has made no attempt at originality, but has culled freely from a long list of authors, old and new, and has set down what seemed to him most

interesting and important. One will consequently learn much about the Cape from this book, but what one learns will not always be in true balance. The account of seafaring, for example, gives false emphasis to sailors' superstitions. The Cape mariner was commonly a practical, hard-headed man with little time for Old Wives' tales. It is not just, either, to turn the whole peninsula into the abode of musicians on the basis of a few scattered specimens. And some question may arise as to exactly what Mr. Mitchell means when he says that the talk of Cape men "has frequent rainbows in it." (p. 242). But by and large the book is sound, particularly on the subjects of Windmills (p. 94 ff.) and Cranberries (p. 150 ff.).

HENRY C. KITTREDGE.

St. Paul's School.

The Pine Furniture of Early New England. By Russell Hawes Kettell. Foreword by Edwin J. Hipkiss. (New York: Dover Publications, Inc. 1949. Pp. xxiii, 457. 284 illustrations. $10.00.)

One would hardly expect such a particularized study as this title suggests to evoke the whole spirit of a region. Yet through its seemingly casual yet persistently practical and logical development, its typical insistence on important details of design, construction and embellishment in their relation to period, and its quiet humor and good-natured commentary, this book presents as much of early New England as it does of its pine furniture.

Even its qualities as a picture book contribute to this unusual wholeness. Over two hundred pieces of furniture are shown—not just sharply lighted against white or formless backgrounds. They are often naturally grouped in appropriate period settings. All are so taken and exposed as to give the beholder both a visual and a well-nigh tactile impression of the individuality in construction, design, and patina of each item large or small. Its main divisions trace pictorially the development of Wall Boxes, Chests, Stools and Benches, Stands and Tables, Desks, Shelves and Cupboards, Signs and Weather Vanes, Mirrors, and Lights, which include cradles and some smaller household implements.

Not only from the pictures but also from the text come a clearer historical knowledge of the uses and arrangement of rooms and

a feeling for the life that was lived in them—the treatment of walls and woodwork and other elements in their decoration and stylistic characteristics springing from the people. At the beginning of each division an introduction sets the pieces both in their chronological order and in their social setting. Before each picture the text helps to emphasize the essential elements and the progression in form and treatment depicted.

In these days when there is a growing interest in regaining something of the skill and satisfaction of craftsmanship, and an increasing need for people to use their hands and hearts in some creative hobby, several features of this work are of especial value. These consist of fifty-five detailed working drawings, the discussions of the technique of joinery, and of the types of woods and tools. Whether they be used as easily followed guides or not, the drawings add to one's appreciation of the ingenuity and forthrightness of the craftsmen who fashioned these humble but endearing articles for use and decoration.

Naturally important for the collector—whether connoisseur or beginner—the antique dealer who has any desire to be truly informed and the decorator, this volume should not be classed as simply another reference work on period furniture, lest it be missed by the social historian, the antiquarian, and many others who will find in it much of interest and value. It is fortunate indeed that this well-produced republication from an earlier limited edition brings such informative and appealing material into more general circulation.

BERTRAM K. LITTLE.

Boston, Massachusetts.

George Sylvester Morris: His Philosophical Career and Theistic Idealism. By Marc Edmund Jones. (Philadelphia: David McKay Company. 1948. Pp. xvi, 430. $3.75.)

In a recent work Professor Morton G. White points out that John Dewey "was first a disciple of G. S. Morris, the obscure American idealist," and that Thorstein Veblen, "by an interesting coincidence, was also a student at Johns Hopkins, and he too listened to Morris." There are good grounds, therefore, for rescuing what this book's jacket calls "a New England thinker" from "a

half century of unmerited oblivion." Dr. Jones has undertaken the task with a partisan enthusiasm which frequently carries him too far in the opposite direction, and by omitting any reference to Morris's idealistic contemporaries makes his hero appear several sizes larger than life.

The first chapter, entitled "New England Contribution," leaves no room for doubt about Morris's early environment. He was born in Norwich, Vermont, just across the river from Hanover, where he attended college, and within twenty miles of Royalton, where he taught school before enlisting in the Union Army. In those days, as his earlier biographer, R. M. Wenley, pointed out, "New England was a relentless school of compulsory labor—a land of 'chores.'" The future philosopher was shaped by this "frontier development of individual resourcefulness, and of a highly efficient group integration" in a large family (six generations of Morrises averaged 10.3 children per generation), together with a stern religious austerity tempered only by music and his mother's taste for literature. But from the time he entered Union Theological Seminary in the fall of 1864, his career ran its course outside New England, chiefly at the University of Michigan.

Morris's philosophy is a dynamic variety of theistic idealism compounded mainly of Fichte and Hegel, but nevertheless rooted in Aristotle and modified by the rigors of pioneer living. It was of a piece with his life, since it sprang from a strong evangelical urge to communicate what he had found significant in his own experience. There are overtones of existentialism in his emphasis upon the self as center. "The key to Morris," says the author, "is interaction. . . . Men live and work . . . as they are constantly reconditioning both themselves and their world. . . . Fact and value are two sides of the same coin. . . . Only experience provides a unifying potential for the fragmentations and divisions on every hand. . . ." (pp. 321-322). But he was unable to get either President Gilman or G. Stanley Hall to see this experientialism as natural science rather than as moral philosophy. American thought turned away from Germanic idealism, and Morris slipped into oblivion. But when American intellectual history comes to be written in greater detail, it may well be that such names as Morris and Hickok and Garman and Lloyd will loom considerably larger than those of most contemporary teachers of philosophy. For those men had the flavor of

prophets speaking earnestly on major issues, and not the insipidity of specialists afraid to speak their minds.

HAROLD A. LARRABEE.
Union College.

Changing Patterns in American Civilization. By Dixon Wecter, F. O. Matthiessen, Detlev W. Bronk, Brand Blanshard and George F. Thomas. Preface by Robert E. Spiller. (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 1949. Pp. xi, 176. $2.50.)

This volume consists of five lectures given as the first series of annual Benjamin Franklin Lectures at the University of Pennsylvania. The topic set the five speakers is roughly suggested by the title of the collection. More specifically, as Robert E. Spiller states in his preface, the lectures were meant to be "an attempt, in the broadest of terms, to understand and evaluate the civilization of the United States in the twentieth century."

This was an ambitious undertaking. The selected cast were of exceptional repute and wisdom. And their lectures were each admirable. But when printed as essays, they don't quite add up; the changing patterns don't coalesce into any one intelligible pattern. And most of the essays turn out to be summaries rather than attempts to answer what Professor Spiller suggested as the "single question: Who are we?"

As lectures, however, all of these must have been both pleasurable and enlightening. Each is, in its particular field, a perspicacious account of the main developments of the past half-century. In "The Contemporary Scene," Dixon Wecter expertly sketches recent changes in attitudes toward social security and planning, toward the position of women and of labor, toward our responsibilities in a frightened world. Detlev W. Bronk gives a wise defense of the scientist against critics who—panic-stricken at A and H bombs—would blame science for what men have done with the knowledge they obtained through scientific researches. George F. Thomas describes the reaction against the "liberal" and "modern" religion of the first part of the century, leading to the renewal of theology, of piety, and of our sense of sin, without a loss of the social conscience stressed by the liberals. Brand Blanshard's lecture is outstanding for the felicity and wit with which he explains and judges recent philosophical meanderings, from idealisms through

realisms and back to idealisms; it must have been a delight to hear.

F. O. Matthiessen's lecture on literature seems to me best to fulfill the aim suggested in the preface. Instead of offering a pat summary of the major attitudes shown in his field, he sticks closely to the question of what our creative writers reveal about American society and its problems. Particularly relevant is the clear, cool sense he talks, when he stresses the artist's essential function of cutting through the official to the actual, and by implication neatly ticks off those who—in the pages of Luce publications, and even in less polemical journals—have recently been forming a growing chorus crying to the artist please to produce the official version, please write about the sterling virtues and ignore the tarnished chrome of our culture, lest foreigners get an undesirable impression of this fair country.

In certain respects Professor Matthiessen's material lent itself especially well to sharp analysis of our immediate problems. Maybe it was inevitable that the other essays would be somewhat abstract, remote, and academic. But excellent as they were in their own terms, and probably highly effective as public lectures, they don't quite live up to the promise of the title under which they are published.

JOHN LYDENBERG.

Hobart College.

James Fenimore Cooper. By James Grossman. *The American Men of Letters Series.* (New York: William Sloan Associates, Inc. 1949. Pp. x, 286. $3.50.)

In his contribution to *The American Men of Letters Series,* Mr. Grossman ably analyzes a seemingly self-contradictory Cooper, the "literal patriot," true to his conception of the democratic ideal, yet because of too much "plain dealing" "transformed, for his contemporaries, into the legendary isolated misanthrope."

But this transformation is not sufficiently explained by proving that Cooper, "that blunt foe of hypocritical cant," "beneath the excellent formal logic of the political philosopher and novelist of ideas" was motivated by "the illogic of love," an illogic preventing him from seeing that the admiration he desired and deserved could scarcely come from contemporaries who demanded only

"flattery from their fellow-Americans." Deeper causes for Cooper's outward misanthropy are his growing awareness that his two strongest bulwarks for America had been destroyed—first, a faith in the ability of Americans to use their God-given reason, Cooper's heritage of rational deism, and second, the disappearance, under the double assault of the leveling process and commercialism, of the landed gentleman, the leaven in the dough of democracy which alone, he thought, could save America from mobocracy.

As a lawyer, Mr. Grossman has given authority to the many legal and political problems of Cooper's life and writings. No less a literary critic, he has incisively interpreted for a modern audience the issues with which Cooper was concerned, especially those in the less well-known works, which previous critics have treated somewhat casually.

Yet perhaps this has been accomplished at the expense of Natty Bumppo, who was, in his own day, "at the very center of a dilemma of civilization." He still is. But not because he is, as Mr. Grossman summarizes him, "one of the great negative characters of literature," but because he is positive. He is positive because he affirms—unlike Hawthorne's Wakefield, who denies—the values of individual freedom, of equality, of self-reliance, of a fundamental, natural moral law as higher than those of civilization, than those made by men. If these are not now, fully as much as in Cooper's day, at the core of the American dream, what is?

STERLING LANIER.

Boston University.

SHORT NOTICES

The First Ten Years of Printing and Publishing in Manchester, New Hampshire, 1839-1849: A Preliminary Survey. By Howard A. Chamberlen. (Manchester: The Manchester Historic Association. 1948. Pp. 39.)

The field of local bibliography presents to the amateur historian an unrivaled opportunity to make a real contribution to history, and to make his name a byword with bibliographers, librarians, and booksellers. The importance of such bibliographies as keys to the richest vein of source material for the study of American life is well illustrated by the introductory essay in this pamphlet. Printing began in Manchester only a year after the fields on the western bank of the Amoskeag Falls had been marked out in the streets which now form the business district of the city. In the first decade there appeared about thirty periodicals, ranging from sheets more lurid and obscene than could pass through the mails today, to serious literary magazines. An illustration of the significance of such historical works to an understanding of our modern political problems is the spontaneous appearance in Manchester of papers which sought to curry favor with the employees of the mills by vicious attacks on "corporation lickspittles." Mr. Chamberlen prints a list of the newspapers and magazines published in Manchester in 1839-1849, with excellent notes as to their publishers and publication history, and with locations of surviving numbers. Of six papers, no copy is known to exist, but one of the happy results of such a bibliography is that it tends to bring to light the pieces which it lists as rare or unknown. This is followed by a checklist of the printers, publishers, and editors who were active in the town during the decade. In the introductory essay there is a brief discussion of the books, pamphlets, and broadsides printed in Manchester which gives rise to the hope that the author will prepare similar bibliographies of that type of material.

CLIFFORD K. SHIPTON.

American Antiquarian Society.

The Life and Diary of David Brainerd. Edited by Jonathan Edwards. (Newly edited, and with a biographical sketch of President Edwards, by Philip E. Howard, Jr.) (Chicago: Moody Press. 1949. Pp. 385. $3.50.)

In 1749, when Jonathan Edwards was already deep in bitter controversy with his people at Northampton, when he had long since foreseen the inevitable defeat and was fighting every inch of the way merely to vindicate his principles and no longer to hold his pulpit, he put together the papers of his youthful friend and his daughter's lover. His account of David Brainerd, largely an extract from Brainerd's papers but accompanied by some of the most significant words that Edwards ever uttered, was not only a work of piety towards one whom he considered a modern saint, but was also an attack upon his enemies in the Connecticut Valley. It was a practical demonstration to them of what true sanctity should be, with the implicit moral that they might, at this moment above all, compare their spirit with Brainerd's.

Edwards builded better than he knew, because his edition of Brainerd, subtly pointed up by his own annotations, quickly became a classic among American evangelicals. It has been reprinted countless times, and no doubt has been read and re-read among circles where the quest of simple piety has been the major concern of life. It has had an immense sub-literary and—if one will—sub-intellectual currency, and its part in influencing the American character has been considerable—far vaster, in all probability, than anything else that Edwards wrote.

This edition fills out Edwards' version with fresh extracts from Brainerd's journals—portions which Edwards, in the interest of artistic effect, omitted. Its publication by the Moody Press testifies to a living influence of Edwards, at least through this redaction, on the levels of American life where the issue of sanctity, in terms still those of the Great Awakening, is basically unchanged.

PERRY MILLER.

Harvard University.

New England Transcendentalism and St. Louis Hegelianism. By Henry A. Pochmann. (Philadelphia: Carl Schurz Memorial Foundation. 1948. Pp. 144. $3.00.)

Professor Pochmann's little book is both readable and scholarly.

On the first level it describes dramatically the interplay and conflict of two groups of brilliant but very idiosyncratic personalities. In St. Louis, Henry Conrad Brokmeyer (once acting governor of Missouri), William Torrey Harris (for seventeen years U. S. Commissioner of Education), Denton J. Snider, and other fellow Hegelians entertained, but also treated with scant respect, Bronson Alcott and later Ralph Waldo Emerson. In these intellectual skirmishes of frontier West with cultured East, both sides appear to have come off with some credit, as when Alcott, after having had his oracles rudely questioned, commented: "I see not what chance of hearing a mere scholar and bigot has here in these wild free parts." Later, when Harris helped Alcott found the Concord School of Philosophy, and Snider wrote his biography of Emerson, the Western philosophers repaid their debt with interest.

But above the dramatic and narrative level, this book suggests the philosophic interrelations of the two schools. I say "suggests," because it is too brief and limited to analyze or to demonstrate its conclusions. This remains to be done by Professor Pochmann's *magnum opus* which will trace in detail the influences of German literature and thought on American culture—a work comparable to Professor Howard Mumford Jones' study of French influences. Professor Pochmann believes that the systematic thought of Kant and of Hegel gave form and structure to the thinking of Emerson and his fellow New Englanders to a degree much greater than has been recognized. The intellectual relations of Harris and Snider with Alcott and Emerson thus form a chapter in the larger relations of German and American cultures. But on its own scale this little book tells its own story dramatically, and weaves its own threads into a colorful and satisfying pattern.

FREDERIC I. CARPENTER.
University of California.

Stonington Chronology: 1649-1949. Being a Year-by-Year Record of the American Way of Life in a Connecticut Town. By Williams Haynes. (Stonington, Conn.: Pequot Press. 1949. Pp. 151. $5.00.)

This volume was prepared as a contribution to the celebration of Stonington's tercentenary. It is not a history but a detailed listing of events in the life of the community. No consistent criteria

seem to have been used in selecting items for inclusion. The entries run through the whole scale of importance from such notable achievements as the successful repulse of a British naval force which attempted a landing at Stonington Point in 1814 to such trivialities as the names of the winners in a local tennis tournament in 1923. In spite of this unevenness, the attentive reader can get from the *Chronology* some idea of the chief features in the growth of Stonington (which includes the seaport community of Mystic), its extensive maritime activity in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, its later partial industrialization, and its more recent characteristics.

Yet after turning the last page one wonders whether, in the long run, the very considerable amount of time and energy which must have gone into gathering, selecting, and arranging the 5,000 or so individual entries in this book might not have been more usefully expended in preparing a short history, a work which could have included those elements of continuity and real interpretation now wholly lacking. Mr. Haynes has indeed written what he calls in his preface "a swift-moving record of events." But, if local history means anything more than sheer antiquarianism, what both hometown readers and outsiders really need from a town celebrating its three hundredth anniversary is not a "record of events," but a thoughtful, even if very brief, narrative of those three centuries of growth and change and an examination of their real meaning for the community itself and for American civilization as a whole.

LEONARD W. LABAREE.
Yale University.

Phillips Brooks: Selected Sermons. Edited by the Rt. Rev. William Scarlett, D.D. (New York: E. P. Dutton & Company, Inc. 1949. Pp. 377. $5.00.)

Here is an excellent collection of the outstanding sermons of a great nineteenth-century preacher. In form, style and content they are the epitome of homiletic art. As Bishop Scarlett remarks in his introduction, it was hard to select these thirty-one from the more than two hundred published sermons of Phillips Brooks, but it would seem to me that the choice has been well made. In spite of the fact that Bishop Brooks often said, "I have only one sermon," and that theme is the sacredness, the beauty, the glory of life be-

cause all men were the children of God and Christ the eternal Son, yet the collection contains a synoptic view of religion. The sermons here selected deal primarily with two central themes: Life, its sacredness and seriousness, and God, the end and meaning of existence. From a religious point of view, what can be more important?

It must be admitted that the reading of sermons is not one of the habits of our generation partly because of the lack of continuity between them, and partly because we prefer to be exhorted by voice and not by eye. But these two objections are well met by the selective continuity in this book and by the fact that Bishop Brooks comes to life when these sermons are read so that you can almost hear him preaching from the great pulpit in Trinity Church in Boston. For a troubled and confused world, it is a book greatly worth reading.

FREDERIC B. KELLOGG.

Christ Church,
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The Vital Center: The Politics of Freedom. By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1949. Pp. xi, 274. $3.00.)

To borrow a phrase from the book's jacket, it is "on the tightrope of American Liberalism" that the younger Schlesinger gives what is at times a dazzling performance. On either side of his high wire there yawn the chasms of violence of the Right and the Left, "the abyss of totalitarianism and the jungle of plutocracy." But the author's sense of direction is sure, even though his "vital center" is not where the center used to be. This is because of the impact of impersonal industrialism, which will be our undoing unless a new non-Communist radicalism can be worked out in time, and balanced by a new and more intelligent conservatism than American business has yet shown itself capable of supporting. Some readers may feel that the author's preoccupation with excommunicating extremists on both sides leaves him with too limited a coterie who are truly fit to govern, but many more will recognize his uncanny ability to ask the right questions without insisting that he has all the answers. It is heartening to see this substantial evidence that New England can still make claims to lead-

ership, as of old, in the field of high-minded, tough-minded social and political controversy.

HAROLD A. LARRABEE.

Union College.

The British Empire Before the American Revolution, Volume VII: *The Great War for the Empire: the Victorious Years, 1758-1760.* By Lawrence Henry Gipson. (New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1949. Pp. 467. $7.50.)

In this Volume VII of Dr. Gipson's extensive work, the Seven Years War, the first of the real world wars, reaches its climax; England survives, Pitt arrives in power, and then comes *annus mirabilis* 1759 when, as Horace Walpole wrote, the very bells of London were worn threadbare in pealing out victories. Gipson's is anything but a conventional military history. The social, political and economic background of the Thirteen Colonies with respect to their various war efforts has been very thoroughly dealt with, and there are several revisions of judgment over the monograph on the subject by the late Professor McCormac who was the last scholar to write on the subject.

Dr. Gipson has maintained the high standards of objectivity and thoroughness that he has shown in earlier volumes of the series. And, as the only unfavorable criticism we had of the former volumes was of the maps, we must add that they are now greatly improved and are perfectly adequate.

Parallels to World War II constantly occur to the reader, and also apparently occurred to the author. In the preface, he says:

> One may, indeed, assert with confidence that had it not been for the relentless and effective exertion of British naval predominance on the high seas, for the unchallenged superiority of English heavy industry and British colonial agriculture, now turned to warlike purposes, over French heavy industry and Canadian agriculture, and for the equal superiority of the pound sterling over the livre and, with it, British credit over French credit in the world's money markets, there would have been no military collapse in New France such as took place in 1760.

In other words, this is history in the grand manner, but tuned to the second half of the twentieth century.

S. E. M.

Harvard University.

Mysteries and Adventures Along the Atlantic Coast. By Edward Rowe Snow. (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1948. Pp. xii, 352. $4.00.)

A collection of true, or probably true, stories of strange and tragic happenings along the Atlantic coast, from Sable Island to the Dry Tortugas. All the old favorites are here—the Oak Island treasure, wreck of the *Hesperus,* the murders on the *Herbert Fuller,* the *Mary Celeste,* and many not so well known; some of quite recent origin, like the ghost five-master *Carrol A. Deering.* It is the author's purpose to disentangle fact from fancy. Some will be disappointed to learn that the schooner *Hesperus* came to grief against the prosaic Rowe's Wharf, Boston, instead of on the romantic reef of Norman's Woe, and that "the form of a maiden fair, lashed close to a drifting mast" was that of a fifty-five-year-old woman lashed to the prosaic windlass bitts of another schooner; but that chapter is a revelation in the workings of the mind of a poet. The *Mary Celeste* chapter really is a contribution to that threadbare subject, for Mr. Snow has a beautiful time showing how Conan Doyle, John R. Spears, and a host of less eminent authors played fast and loose with the facts, and himself provides a common-sense solution to that famous mystery of the sea. Altogether this book is a fine companion for a winter fireside.

S. E. M.

Harvard University.

General Gage in America: Being Principally a History of His Rôle in the American Revolution. By John Richard Alden. (Baton Rouge: The Louisiana State University Press. 1948. Pp. xi, 313. $4.00.)

This is a very competent biography of the kindly and well-disposed general officer of the British Army who found himself constantly in positions that were distasteful to him. It is based largely on the Gage manuscripts in the Clements Library. While it contains no startlingly new information, it is a work that no student of the American Revolution can ignore or neglect. The Western Problem, the Stamp Act crisis, and the uprising in Massachusetts against the Intolerable Acts were events in which General Gage played a leading part, and on which his papers contribute many interesting details. The author writes well, and the Louisiana

State University Press is to be congratulated for allowing him to place his footnotes at the foot of each page, where they belong, instead of pursuing the fashionable but exasperating method of relegating them to an appendix.

The book is well illustrated with several contemporary portraits of the General and his family that are in private possession and never before reproduced.

S. E. M.

Harvard University.

A History of American Literature, 1607-1765. By Moses Coit Tyler. (Ithaca, N. Y.: Cornell University Press. 1949. Pp. xxxiii, 551. $6.00.)

The Cornell University Press has rendered a great service to American scholarship by reprinting Moses Coit Tyler's history of American colonial literature. As Mr. Jones says in his foreword to the reprint, the book is "classical—the discussion of a great theme by a great writer," and although much scholarly work has been done since Tyler's history appeared, it still remains the best treatment of its period. The reprint reproduces the text of the first edition of 1878, but the changes which were made in the three later editions have been indicated in footnotes, so that the owner of the reprint can trace Tyler's revisions. There have also been added in the reprint most of the marginal notes which Tyler wrote into his own copy of the first edition. The new edition is, therefore, an indispensable book for anyone interested in the colonial period in America, in Tyler as a historian, or in historical writing which is also literature.

K. B. M.

Harvard University.

As Maine Goes. By Alta L. Smith and Esther J. Dunham. (Portland: Falmouth Publishing House. 1949. Pp. 79. $3.00.)

This is one of those albums of candid camera shots spiced with bits of contemporary Maine wit and wisdom, such as "Jake's a good enough feller. Never causes no trouble, just manures around."

S. E. M.

Harvard University.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED

Beston, Henry, *Northern Farm, A Chronicle of Maine.* (New York: Rinehart & Company. 1948. Pp. viii, 254. $2.75.)

Many readers of Mr. Beston's *The Outermost House* regard it as one of the most delightful American books since Thoreau. *Northern Farm* has the same distinction of style and the same brilliantly perceptive and imaginative quality. It is a record of a year on a Maine farm and far excels any similar book which has appeared in recent years.

Clemens, Cyril, *Mark Twain and Franklin D. Roosevelt.* (Webster Groves, Missouri: International Mark Twain Society. 1949. Pp. 20. $2.00.)

An account of the author's interview with President Roosevelt, during which the latter made some not very interesting comments on Mark Twain.

Commager, Henry Steele, and Allan Nevins, editors, *The Heritage of America.* Revised and enlarged. (Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1949. Pp. xxiv, 1227. $5.00.)

A revised and enlarged edition of a valuable anthology of readings in American history.

Dilliston, William H., *Bank Note Reporters and Counterfeit Detectors, 1826-1866, With a Discourse on Wildcat Banks and Wildcat Bank Notes.* (New York: The American Numismatic Society. 1949. Pp. vi, 175. $3.50.)

A detailed special study of an interesting subject.

Dinneen, Joseph F., *The Purple Shamrock: The Hon. James Michael Curley of Boston.* (New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1949. Pp. 331. $3.75.)

A biography of an experienced politician by an experienced reporter, which will seem to some readers too flattering to its subject.

Gould, John, *And One to Grow On: Recollections of a Maine Boyhood.* (New York: William Morrow & Company. 1949. Pp. 253. $3.00.)

A pleasant and entertaining book by a man who knows how to tell a story.

Hamlin, Helen, *Pine, Potatoes and People: The Story of Aroostook.* (New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1948. Pp. 238. $3.00.)

A series of brief and readable chapters on aspects of Aroostook County history.

Hasenfus, Nathaniel J., *More Vacation Days in Maine.* (West Roxbury, Massachusetts: Sagadahoc Publishing Company. 1949. Pp. 245. $3.00.)

A volume of reminiscences and stories of Maine.

Hopkins, Garland Evans, *Your Family Tree: A Hobby Handbook.* (Richmond, Virginia: The Dietz Press, Inc. 1949. Pp. viii, 58. $1.00.)

A pamphlet of possible use to amateur genealogists.

Howe, Mark DeWolfe, editor, *Readings in American Legal History.* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1949. Pp. x, 529. $7.50.)

A well-selected and very useful volume of material bearing on the history of American legal thought. It will be welcomed by students of American history in general, as well as by specialists in law.

Howell, Almonte C., *Ensayos sobre Literatura Norteamericana.* (Guatemala: University of San Carlos. 1948. Pp. 80.)

Lectures delivered in Guatemala, to introduce students there to a few American writers—Franklin, Emerson, Whitman, Melville, and Mark Twain.

Kennedy, Ambrose, *Quebec to New England: The Life of Monsignor Charles Dauray.* (Boston: Bruce Humphries, Inc. 1948. Pp. 242. $5.00.)

A biography of a priest who came to Rhode Island in 1872 and performed distinguished services of his Church in that state.

Linton, Ralph and Adelin, *We Gather Together: The Story of Thanksgiving.* (New York: Henry Schuman, Inc. 1949. Pp. 100. $2.00.)

A brief account of the celebration of Thanksgiving, from primitive times until Lincoln's proclamation of Thanksgiving Day in 1863.

McCord, David, *About Boston: Sight, Sound, Flavor and Inflection.* (Garden City, New York: Doubleday & Company. 1948. Pp. 192. $2.50.)

A charming little book of essays.

Mitchell, Edwin Valentine, *It's an Old State of Maine Custom.* (New York: The Vanguard Press. 1949. Pp. 248. $3.00.)

A pleasant book on Maine ways of life.

Nelson, Florence Agnes, *Lest We Forget: Sketches of Rural New England in the Nineteenth Century.* (Portland, Maine: Falmouth Publishing House. 1949. Pp. 207. $3.00.)

Good reading for those who enjoy being reminded that times have changed.

Pearson, Haydn S., *Countryman's Year.* (New York: Whittlesey House. 1949. Pp. xii, 192. $3.50.)

Described by Dorothy Canfield Fisher in her appreciative foreword as a "storehouse of country lore," this book deals with all sorts of things, from culinary hints to remarks on the proper management of a wood fire. It is illustrated with a series of attractive photographs.

Peattie, Donald Culross, *American Heartwood.* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 1949. Pp. 307. $3.50.)

Chapters on various characters and episodes in American history, loosely linked together by their relation to the American forest. It will have no interest for serious historians, but will be agreeable enough reading for the layman.

Phelps, Orra Parker, *When I Was a Girl in the Martin Box.* (New York: Island Press. 1949. Pp. 157. $3.00.)

An account of a country childhood in the 1870's.

Snow, Edward Rowe, *Strange Tales from Nova Scotia to Cape Hatteras.* (New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1949. Pp. xiv, 322. $4.00.)

A collection of good stories, patiently gathered by the author in extensive journeyings up and down the coast.

Wasson, George S., *Sailing Days on the Penobscot, the Story of the River and the Bay in the Old Days.* (New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1949. Pp. 246. $4.00.)

A republication of a book first issued in 1932.

Historical New Hampshire, New Hampshire Historical Society. December, 1949.

This issue contains the Gold Rush diary of Moses Cogswell.

Rhode Island History, Rhode Island Historical Society, Vol. IX, No. 1. January, 1950.

The chief article is on "The Dorr Rebellion and the Federal Constitution."

Vermont Quarterly, Vermont Historical Society, Vol. XVII, No. 4. October, 1949.

Articles on "Medical Education in Vermont," "Agriculture and Politics in the Vermont Tradition," and "Little River." There is also an interesting collection of Vermont "folkways" and "folk tales."

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

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MARK ANTONY DEWOLFE HOWE is a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. His most recent book is *The Articulate Sisters* (1946).

WILLIAM R. TAYLOR is a member of the Faculty of English in Amherst College.

PETER WYCKOFF, a graduate of Yale University, is writing a history of the New York Stock Exchange.

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